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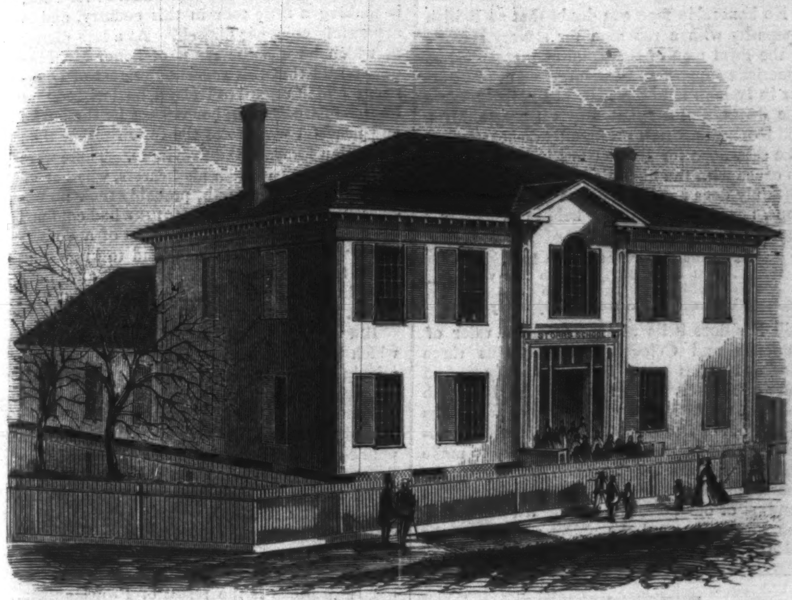
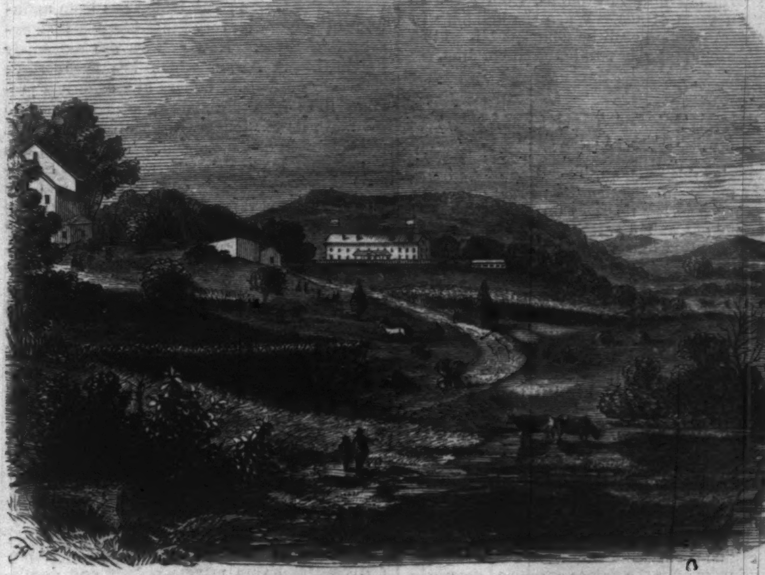

FREEDMEN'S SCHOOL-HOUSE AT ATLANTA, GEORGIA.


FREEDMEN'S FARM-SCHOOL, NEAR WASHINGTON, D.C.

SCHOOLS FOR FREEDMEN.

WE have had occasion heretofore to notice the earnestness with which the freedmen of the South have availed themselves of the opportunities for education offered by the fortunate result of the war. They have even contributed material aid out of their scanty means to the building of schools for the colored children, and evinced an encouraging desire to secure the benefits heretofore denied them. Very great good has already been accomplished in this way, and great results are promised by the philanthropic efforts of the men and women engaged in this labor of love. We have no means of estimating the number of colored children enjoying the privilege of attending school in all parts of the South at this moment, but information from Alabama states that General **WAGER SWAYNE**, Commissioner for Freedmen in that State, reports that there are over thirty thousand colored children in attendance at school in his district alone. Great efforts are being made all over the South by Northern missionaries and philanthropists, like **PEABODY**, **HOWARD**, **TILLSON**, **SWAYNE**, and others, to promote education among the poorer classes of whites and freedmen; and we may assert with perfect truthfulness that there are more public schools in the South in its present disorganized and demoralized state than there were at any period under the old *régime*.

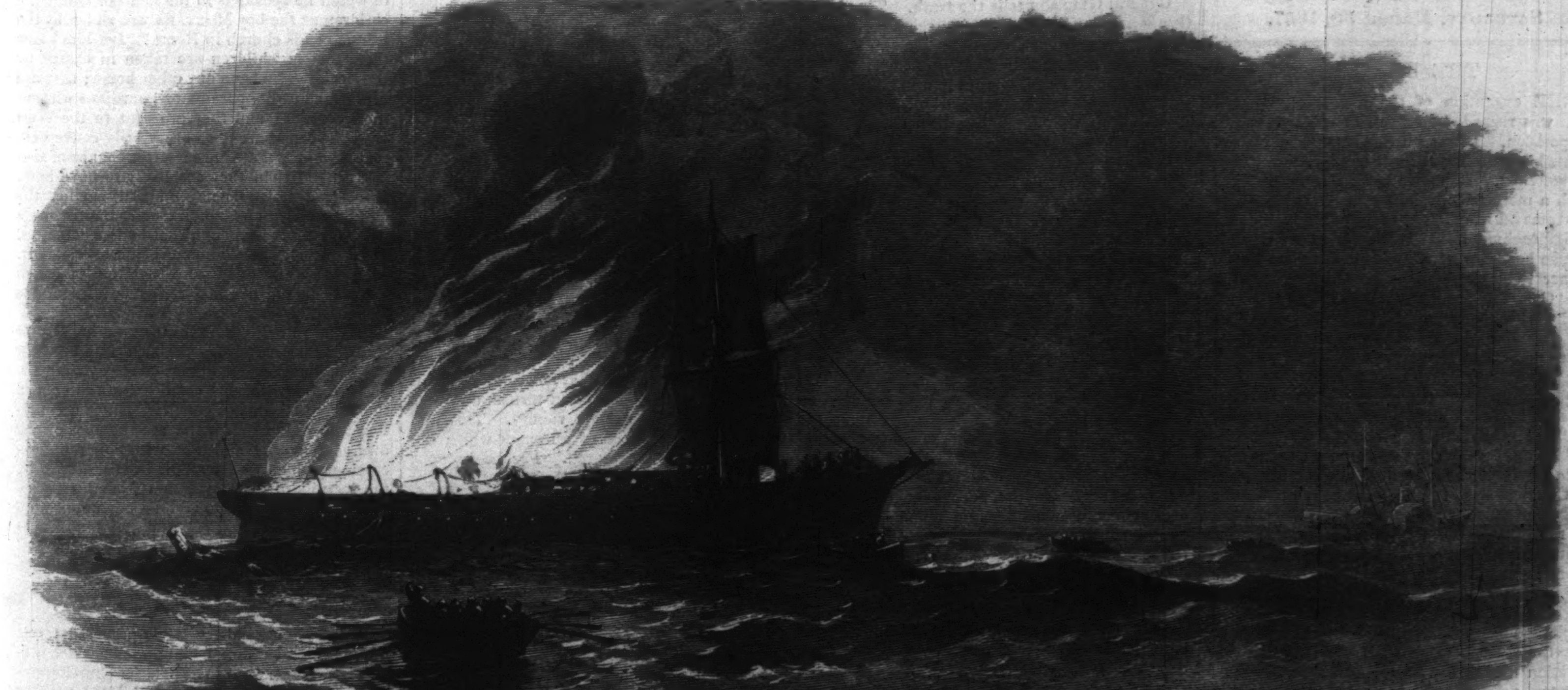
FIRST FREEDMEN'S SCHOOL IN GEORGIA.

We give herewith a picture of the first school-house for freedmen ever built in the State of Georgia. This house, which is located in Atlanta, was completed and dedicated to Education and Religion on the 8th of December, 1866, with appropriate and impressive ceremonies, by Rev. E. M. **CRAVATH**, Secretary of the American Missionary Association, and other gentlemen friendly to impartial and universal education. It contains, in front, four rooms, each of sufficient capacity to accommodate seventy-five pupils, and an office for the Superintendent.

The projection to the rear in the left of the picture is the chapel, which is used for day and Sunday school and religious services, and seats comfortably an audience of 450 persons. The school-rooms, in finish, inside and out, are in all appointments equal to any first-class school-house either North or South. The entire cost was about $6000. Of that amount $1000 was given by Rev. Dr. **STORRS**'s congregation in Cincinnati, and, in honor of their pastor, it is called the "*Storrs School.*" The remaining $5000 was paid jointly by the Freedmen's Bureau and the American Missionary Association, under whose direction the house was erected, and by whom the schools in it are sustained. The Association has twelve teachers in Atlanta, under whose daily tuition there are now over 1100 colored pupils.

NATIONAL FARM-SCHOOL FOR COLORED ORPHANS.

The National Farm-School, for colored orphans and for the children of colored soldiers, near Washington, is another, and perhaps the most extensive, of the establishments founded for the benefit of the emancipated race. Founded in March, 1866, by H. **DE MARIEL**, Esq., of New


BURNING OF THE STEAMER "ANDALUSIA" AT SEA, MARCH 3, 1867.

York, and under the patronage of President Johnson, General U. S. Grant, Major-General O. O. Howard, Attorney-General Speed, Secretary M'Culloch, Senator Doolittle, and Marquis de Montholon, Minister from France, this establishment is both a primary school and an agricultural one. It is intended to give the pupils all the necessary knowledge in the elementary branches of instruction, and, at the same time, to make of each a practical and competent farmer. With this view a farm of one hundred acres has been purchased, which was partly worked last year by the pupils, and will be this spring on a larger scale. The raising of several useful crops has been attended with encouraging success. It is believed that this Farm-School will have a most salutary influence on its pupils, by making them competent farmers by the time they leave the establishment. They will be able to act in every capacity, even as overseers on any farm or plantation. It is the ultimate intention of the persons interested in this benevolent enterprise to send pupils, as soon as they are able to take care of themselves, to various parts of the South or Southwest, where they may establish themselves on public lands, under the new Homestead Law. A flourishing village, or colony, would thus be formed in a short time. The farm has now fifty pupils, from seven to eighteen years of age. When the buildings in process of erection shall be completed, it will be possible to admit over two hundred children.

BURNING OF THE STEAMER "ANDALUSIA."

We give this week an illustration of the burning of the steamer *Andalusia* at sea, on March 3. The vessel left this port on March 2, under command of Captain William H. West, an old and experienced officer. The fatal trip was the second one attempted by Captain West in the *Andalusia*, on both of which occasions he failed to reach his destination. On the first trip the vessel was disabled before leaving the harbor, and had to return. The fire which destroyed the vessel on the second trip was discovered while the passengers were at supper. The Captain, on being apprised of it, quietly left the passengers to finish their meals undisturbed while he repaired below; and they were only apprised of the fact that the vessel was on fire by hearing the explosions of combustible matter in the hold. In a few moments all was confusion in the cabin, but the Captain soon restored order by a few sharp commands. The fire soon broke from the hold by forcing up the hatch, and at once filled the engine-room with smoke and flames. In five minutes after the flames enveloped the whole of the after-part of the vessel, and a resort to the boats was had. Two of these, against the Captain's orders, were lowered before the vessel was stopped, and were swamped—the purser, second assistant engineer, Mr. William J. Pease, Jun., two firemen, a New York pilot, and four others being thereby thrown out and lost. The other boats were lowered safely, though the bow of that of the Captain was stove in, and she nearly filled with water. These and the boats of the steamer *Manhattan*, which hove in sight and offered every assistance, rescued the rest of the passengers and crew.

As the boats left the vessel she was enveloped in flames. Shortly after getting on board the *Manhattan* a thick fog set in, obscuring the vessel from sight, and during its continuance she went down.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

Saturday, March 30, 1867.

THE RESULT.

The execution of the Reconstruction bill was regarded as a test of the President's disposition. It was felt that if he promptly executed it in its own spirit, the public mind would be softened. If he evaded it, or was satisfied with a mere technical execution, the desire of his removal would greatly stimulate the friends of impeachment. It is but fair to say that his course has been wise. Upon consultation with General Grant he has appointed Military District Commanders of whose experience and sympathy with the national purpose there can be no question. It was supposed that the President might name certain officers like Generals Granger and Custer, who have been most unpleasantly identified with his policy; but the selection of Thomas, Sheridan, Schofield, Sickles, and Ord is a sincere deference to public opinion. They are men who will execute faithfully the provisions of the bill.

Congress has been engaged in removing the difficulty which we suggested upon the passage of the bill—its failure to define precisely the method of its own execution. The Senate Supplementary bill provides that before the 1st of September, 1867, the military commander shall register all voters qualified by the act. There shall then be an election to determine if a Constitutional Convention shall be held. At this election a majority of the registered electors must vote; and if a majority of those voting declare for a Convention, it shall be held agreeably to the act. The Convention, having adopted a Constitution, must submit it to the people for ratification; and if a majority of the registered voters of the State approve it, the President of the Convention must forward a copy to the President of the United States, who must immediately lay it before Congress. If Congress approves it, the State will resume its representation in Congress.

Thus the great principle is definitively settled that a State which rises in rebellion against the Union can be restored to its position in the Union only upon such conditions as the loyal people in Congress shall determine. That is the obvious common-sense of the situation, while the theory of the continuous right of States, as expounded by Alexander H. Stephens, and held by the Democratic party, is rejected as no less foolish and untenable than the old Democratic sophistries of State sovereignty and the doctrine that the Constitution was a conditional compact instead of a national bond.

The result shows the superiority of the general popular instinct to technical chicanery. It is the vindication of the spirit against the letter. Ever since the surrender of the rebel armies the country has been confronted with a sophistical syllogism, which the President has repeated in every form, and which the Secretary of State has gravely offered as a great political truth. The syllogism was this· The war was for the Union; the Union has been maintained; therefore every State is equal with every other State. Now politics are extremely practical. A nation which has spent three thousand millions of dollars and countless precious lives in a furious war of four years to maintain its existence will hardly surrender at the summons of a syllogism. The reply which the country made to the President, the Secretary of State, the Democratic party, and the late rebels, was very simple. It was this: We have fought to maintain the Union; we have succeeded; therefore we shall do what is necessary to secure the Union from a similar peril hereafter.

That was the meaning of the elections and of the Reconstruction bill. The difference between the President and his supporters on the one side, and the loyal American people upon the other, is just this: the first see in the result the destruction of the Constitution and the end of civil liberty; the second see in it the salvation of the Constitution and the beginning of civil liberty.

ERIN-GO-BUNCOMB.

After the actual loss of life and the indescribable and vain private sorrow and desolation which the Fenian movement produces in Ireland, its most melancholy result is the degradation of American politics and politicians. Fernando Wood wishes to have the rules suspended that the House may receive a resolution of sympathy with Ireland. Mr. Nye moves a similar resolution in the Senate. Mayor Hoffman writes a letter of fine phrases to a Fenian meeting in Union Square, and Mr. Charles S. Spencer, at the same meeting, proclaims himself "as an individual an enemy to the Government of Great Britain," and announces amidst deafening applause that his mother's father was born in Dublin. The New York *Tribune* also makes the most of the Fenian occasion, and General John H. Gleeson telegraphs from Washington to the meeting that Democrats and Republicans were vying in Congress in efforts to pass a vote of sympathy for Ireland. And the dispatch is received with "enthusiastic demonstrations of joy."

General Gleeson tells the truth. The politicians are running a neck-and-neck race. The men in the gap upon whom Fernando Wood has his eye are the Mackerelville voters. They are the men to whom he said in a public speech in 1864, as we learn from a friend who heard him, that if the Republicans succeeded they would prevent Irishmen and Catholics from voting. This Irish sympathy upon the part of Congress and of the politicians of both parties is a vast piece of blarney. It is an attempt to get the Irish vote. It is the modern version of *panes et circenses*. It is the most servile flattery to the most ignorant class of the population; and is one of the gravest signs of the demoralization of our politics.

Does any body believe that if there were not so large an Irish vote in the country there would be such very loud sympathy for the wrongs and sufferings of Ireland? There is a land peopled by an historic race who have been for a year fighting against the most barbarous tyranny with a heroism which renews the noblest traditions of Greece. Their cause is hopeless except in the skill of their hands and the endurance of their hearts, and is commended to us by every generous sympathy and humane emotion. Why is not Congress asked to suspend the rules that it may sympathize with the Cretans? Why is the heroism of Fenian bands assaulting policemen so thrilling, and that of Cretans desperately defending their walls, and, when hope is at an end, lighting the train which sends them with their foes to sudden death, so commonplace? The answer is evident. Because there is no Cretan vote in the United States. When Italy a year ago was gathering her forces and nerving herself to strike the blow which should free her from the hateful Austrian yoke, where were the sympathy of Congress and the eloquence of the politicians? Nowhere; for what is the Italian vote?

Mayor Hoffman says in his letter that when we were struggling for national existence England was unfriendly, and he feels no very warm wish to defend her against her foes. And if England were unfriendly to our national cause, what was the Chicago Convention of Mayor Hoffman's party? If Mr. Gladstone said that Davis had created a nation, Mayor Hoffman's party said, in their platform, that the war for the Union was a failure. The distinction is not so plain to a patriotic mind as it is to his Honor's. If his Honor's party friends considered England unfriendly to the national cause, why did they wait upon Lord Lyons during the war and suggest that England should intervene? England did not believe in our success. Did Mayor Hoffman and his party? There were many reasons why Englishmen should be of that opinion, and the thought sprang from the wish. Was its genealogy the same in the minds of Mayor Hoffman and his party? We remind his Honor that it is not fraternal in a Chicago-platform partisan to taunt John Bull with unfriendliness in our war.

No honorable man can doubt that as British sympathy with a rebellion for slavery seemed to the loyal men of this country monstrous, so American support and encouragement of disorder in Ireland is to the Liberal English leaders like John Bright and John Stuart Mill and Goldwin Smith profoundly disheartening. The sole hope for Ireland lies in the union of its cause with the liberal cause of England. It certainly does not lie in forays upon police stations, nor in being "in the field in Tipperary," and shouting,

> "Let Britain boast of British host,
> About them all right little care we,
> Not British seas nor British coast
> Can match the men of Tipperary."

Still less does it lie in the oratorical valor of Generals and Colonels and Captains three thousand miles away from Tipperary. And least of all is it to be found in the Buncomb motions, resolutions, and speeches of politicians in and out of Congress. The most ancient objection to a Republic was its tendency to make political success depend upon flattery to the poorest prejudices and the basest passions. The conduct of our politicians in regard to Fenianism, and in general the abject servility to the Irish vote, should make thoughtful men ask whether the objection was not serious.

FRENCH POLITICS.

The politics of France are at this moment of singular interest. The Emperor's recent concessions have been rejected by the Opposition. Jules Favres, the fiery and eloquent tribune of the people, has attacked the project in a speech which shows how radically irreconcilable the Opposition and the Empire are. For whatever the Emperor may concede he can not concede the Empire, and nothing less will satisfy the impetuous and skillful chiefs of the Opposition. The speech of Jules Favres was a brilliant and passionate attack upon the whole imperial policy. The moment was propitious, for the Imperial foreign policy during the year has not been glorious for France; and the prestige of the Emperor has seriously suffered. Then, to the restless ardor of the Celtic nature a dashing assault upon the settled order is always fascinating, and it is easy to imagine the electrical effect of the orator's peroration addressed to the Emperor's Minister: "You are content to be the Minister of a Marcus Aurelius or a Trajan; I aspire to be the citizen of a free country."

But if Jules Favres's speech was an exhilarating oration, the reply of M. Rouher, the Minister of Louis Napoleon, was, as *La France* called it, "a political event." His fence was not less brilliant than Jules Favres's. He did not evade the direct issue, and for two hours he reviewed and defended the Imperial policy from the beginning, declaring that the Emperor had always confided in him intimately, and that the late measures were intended in perfect good faith as liberal securities of the peace and welfare of France. Although, under the circumstances, M. Rouher was at a disadvantage, his defense was so ample and precise, and his tone at least so sincere, that it was evident the force of the assault had been turned, and that the Empire had gained a victory. This was shown by the number of prisoners which the Minister's speech captured. For he brought in captive the whole third party—the party upon which the Opposition counted for an alliance in its campaign. Indeed that party was probably dissolved by the speech, and leaving the Opposition without the necessity of moderation exposes it to the peril of mere factiousness, which is an advantage to the Empire.

Indeed, of the essential advance in the Imperial policy one of the clauses of the proposed bill to regulate the press is an illustration. The Government renounces the right of suppressing a paper, and gives the entire control of the press to the civil courts; while any person hereafter may establish a printing-office without special permission from the Government. These are forward steps, but they can not be satisfactory to the sincere Opposition, for they are really the will of one man, who may step backward again at any moment. Yet, on the other hand, they are a real gain, for the results of perfectly free discussion even for a short time will not be lost. It is like giving the alphabet to the freedmen. After they have once received it they can not be safely re-enslaved.

But however dextrous the defense of Louis Napoleon may be, we suppose that few persons consider his Imperial dynasty secure. He has had a long and fair opportunity, but he has not succeeded in rooting his Empire either in the affections or in the pride of the French people. The heir of a settled Government may be no wiser than many of the British monarchs have been; but the founder of a dynasty must be always sagacious, conciliatory, and successful; and in an age and country of general intelligence it is the plain perception of the practical superiority of his rule to any other attainable system that he can alone safely trust.

Mr. JOHN FRANCIS MAGUIRE, M.P.

Mr. John Francis Maguire, M. P. for Cork, is making a little tour in this country, and is apparently enjoying himself. At a late dinner at which he was the guest of honor Mr. Maguire said that this was the greatest of countries; and in regard to Ireland, he declared that he was for redressing her wrongs by the lawful and peaceful warfare of the forum rather than by Fenian forays in the Provinces. These were both remarks to which his hearers, whether of Irish or American birth, probably took no exception. Indeed, if Mr. Maguire had confined his eloquence to the compliments of a dinner-table, we should have been glad to know that there had been a pleasant party, and have thought no more about Mr. John Francis Maguire.

But when this gentleman delivers a lecture in which he attacks one of the very fundamental principles upon which rests the national greatness which he so warmly commends, it is a very different matter. Mr. Maguire is dissatisfied with the perfect liberality and toleration of our public-school system. He is a Roman Catholic, and he is of opinion that the schools should be controlled by the various sects, his own included. But if Mr. Maguire understood the spirit of our whole system a little better, he would not have committed an error at once so grave and so discourteous. The character of our institutions is the result of Protestantism. Perfect religious liberty produces all other liberty. It would not be very difficult to trace the Declaration of Independence in Philadelphia back to Luther's challenge upon the church door in Wittenberg. Indeed, this whole question, which Mr. Maguire treats not very skillfully, has been thoroughly settled in the discussions and the convictions of the American people.

Seduced by his theme and the probable sympathy of his audience, Mr. Maguire proceeded "to castigate in the most severe manner the system of proselytizing children which he understood was practiced in this city," and he denounced such "foul wrongs perpetrated in the name of religion." It is, of course, amusing to hear a disciple of the Roman Catholic Church, with its beloved Inquisition—which, if now less terrible than formerly, is no less logical—denouncing proselyting; and does Mr. Maguire seriously believe that the Children's Aid Society of which he speaks is in the habit of abducting children as the boy Mortara was stolen by the priests of his church in Rome? Let him know then, that no children are taken in charge by the Society who have any other home; they are never taken from parents or guardians without their consent; and they are sent to the West with the full consent of every body concerned, that they may there have a fairer chance of success in life than they are likely to have here. But the question is never asked whether the child is a Roman Catholic, or a Baptist, or a Methodist. It is enough that he is a homeless, destitute, starving human being. Yet Mr. Maguire seems to suppose that the important question is the nominal religious faith of the forlorn child.

Mr. John Francis Maguire, M. P. for Cork, might wisely have been informed by some of his friends at dinner on the evening after his lecture, that the condition of the poor in the Roman Catholics countries is not a condition into which we wish to see the poor of our own country fall; and that, with honorable exceptions, which we are all glad to acknowledge, the recruits to our population from his native isle are not such as to heighten our admiration for the religious, political, and social influences under which they have been bred.

THE SITUATION IN ITALY.

The Italian Ministry lately proposed terms of separation of Church and State by which certain large sums were to be paid for church property. The same Ministry prohibited popular political meetings in Venice, on the ground of the unsettled condition of national affairs. The National Assembly disapproved the ministerial acts, and was thereupon dissolved, and a new election ordered. Thus the Baron Ricasoli, the King's minister, is put upon his trial by the country. The elections will justify or condemn his policy.

What his policy is Ricasoli has explained in a circular to the prefects. Italy, he says, now needs a government with strength and authority, and the end of sterile agitations. This is the tone of Louis Napoleon's manifestoes after the *coup d'état*, and it excites the fears of the Liberals. It is remarked, also, that the King's envoy at Rome is upon good terms with many cardinals and with the French embassy, and is "highly appreciated by the Pontifical Government." This is thought to be a bad sign. The new radical paper in Florence called the *Vanguard* denounces those who are friends with the Empire and with the Papacy; and Garibaldi, who came to Florence a few weeks since, is reported to have described Ricasoli and his party as accomplices of the clerical party.

If this position shall be occupied by the Italian Opposition, it will undoubtedly fall into a minority, and play the part of the Opposition in the French Chambers. In both cases the secret inspiration is the same. It is hostility to the principle of the government itself. Jules Favres and Garibaldi are at heart republicans. John Bright is logically the same, for he can hardly believe in the perpetuity of the monarchy and aristocracy with manhood suffrage; so that the phrase, "His Majesty's Opposition," which was strictly descriptive of the old Whigs when the Tories were in power, or of the Tories when the Whigs were in place, has lost its significance in England, where it was historical, and will apparently not become historical either in France or Italy.

Indeed the results of our late great struggle will be visible in every country in the force which opposition to the monarchical principle will constantly acquire. All the great inventions, from the printing-press to the telegraph, have been democratic missionaries. The divine right of royalty is the paganism of politics. That is effectually abolished in the mind of civilized Europe, and with that sooner or later falls the whole regal system. An elective monarchy is a solecism. An hereditary executive is repugnant to modern political convictions. And the question in the advanced countries of Europe at this moment really is, whether the inevitable revolution can be peacefully accomplished.

A FEW FACTS FOR CONNECTICUT.

We are glad to see that the Union men in Connecticut steadily cling to the true issue before the people; and that is simply, whether the Democratic party which co-operated with the rebellion ought to be trusted with the government of the State.

The history of the Democratic party for the last quarter of a century is that of a desperate struggle for the extension and nationalization of Slavery, under the leadership of those who became the chiefs of the rebellion. To this end, during the ascendency of that party, the whole power of the national patronage was prostituted, and a system of social and commercial demoralization was unscrupulously pursued. The most abject servility to the demands of Slavery was the test of a genuine Democrat. If you found an American who held office under a Democratic administration, you found an American who sneered at liberty and equal rights. So gross and absolute had this demoralization become before the war, that, during the Presidency of Buchanan, a "national man" meant distinctively a supporter of Slavery; a "Union man," in the same way, was one who justified the Southern threats of secession; while a "national Union man" was the title especially claimed by Jefferson Davis and the ultra secessionists. As the crisis approached free speech at the North was denied, and the opponents of the nationalization of Slavery were mobbed by Democrats under plea of "the Union." A great meeting of the city of New York was held at the Academy of Music, and Mr. Charles O'Conor, a leading Democrat, proclaimed the Christianity of Slavery. The threats of secession grew more truculent, and a Democratic ex-President, Franklin Pierce, wrote to Jefferson Davis that blood would flow at the North if resistance were offered to the conspiracy. Secession began, and private Democratic leaders such as Mr. S. M. L. Barlow, of New York, counting upon the total demoralization of his fellow-citizens, wrote to a secession Senator that if the conspiracy would refrain from actual war, the utmost guarantees of Slavery would be conceded; while a Democratic President, Buchanan, whose Cabinet of Democrats had broken up to furnish leaders of the bloody war upon loyal citizens, gravely announced that the Union had no right to save itself by force.

The war began. It was officered at the South by Democratic chiefs. It was thwarted, opposed, and slandered at the North by Democratic papers and speakers. The Democratic party as a party was arrayed against it. Men like Daniel S. Dickinson, Benjamin F. Butler, and John A. Logan, who had been noted Democrats, and who became unconditional Union men, were instantly dropped by the party. The organized resistance to the drafts; the plots of the sons of Liberty at the West; the fearful riots in New York; the plans for the release of rebel prisoners, were the work of Democrats, and were either denied or extenuated, as seemed most discreet, by the Democratic papers. The Democracy of Ohio supported Vallandigham as their representative man for Governor. The Democracy of New York rallied around Horatio Seymour, who sneered at the war in the very hour when the Union soldiers were falling at Gettysburg and turning the tide of rebellion. The Democracy of Connecticut hailed Thomas H. Seymour as their type. The Democracy of Illinois spoke through the Chicago *Times*, which was suppressed for treason by military order. The Democratic leaders in Pennsylvania, like William B. Reed, awaited the arrival of the rebel army in Philadelphia, and said that there were plenty of what they scornfully called "loyal" men who would soon be glad to implore their protection. In the house of the chairman of the National Democratic Committee, August Belmont, an Englishman was suffered, without rebuke from the host, to wear a rebel badge in the presence of Union officers, one of whom did not hesitate to call the offender to account; and finally the National Democratic Convention, of which Horatio Seymour was President and Vallandigham the master spirit, declared the war for the Union a failure, and the rebellion consequently triumphant. But when, despite the predictions, the hopes, and the efforts of the Democratic party, the rebellion was subdued, the single aim of the party became the speediest renewal of the old political alliance with the defeated rebels. The Democratic papers, orators, and Congressional action insist that the rebel States without conditions, without guarantee, and with an increase of political power, shall resume their position in the Union.

Such are a few facts illustrative of the position of the Democratic party during the tremendous struggle of the nation for life. Do they inspire the men of Connecticut with respect and confidence? And if this is the patriotism of that party, has it any superiority in the justice of its principles or in the purity of its political practice—of which the city of New York furnishes a neighboring and convenient example for Connecticut—which should induce the people of that State to turn from the friends of Lincoln and Buckingham to trust the followers of Buchanan and Toucey, the ancient allies of Jefferson Davis and John B. Floyd?

WATER AND HEALTH.

Water is the most abundant substance in the body. Only one-fifth of the blood is solid matter, and four-fifths of it is water. And water forms a large portion of almost every organ, however solid it may be. In the cholera, where the discharges drain off largely the watery portion of the blood, there is a great shrinking of the body, occasioning the pinching of the features and the wrinkling of the skin. The blood in this disease sometimes fails to flow in its channels, from sheer loss of its flowing quality by reason of the draining off of its water. But here the water is but partially lost from the blood, and so from the organs. The shrinking from a total loss of it would be vastly greater than what is ever witnessed in the cholera. You can have some idea of its amount by letting a bit of meat dry up in the sun.

Water distends every part of the system, rounding out the organs, giving them pliability, and lubricating every surface of all cavities, large and small. When a limb becomes dropsical it is from the undue accumulation of water in the minute cells or cavities of that universal packing material of the body called the cellular membrane.

Water never stagnates in the system. Here, as every where else, it is ever in motion. It is constantly coming into the system, and as constantly goes out. The flow from the skin which we actually see in perspiration is but a small portion of that which comes from this large organ. In the insensible perspiration which is so continually going on water is breathed out, as we may say, from the pores of the skin in large quantities. It is discharged also by the lungs and the kidneys.

The supply comes from our food and our drink. In our solid food there is much water. There is much in all our meats. It constitutes three-fourths of one of our most solid vegetables, the potato, and very nearly half of the bread we eat, even when it is stale. We do not need, therefore, to drink very largely of water to secure a due supply to the system.

As water plays so important a part, not only as a diluent and as a common carrier, but as entering into the very composition of the body, mingling every where intimately with the solid components, and incorporated with them, and yet ever changing, how essential it is to health that it should not be the medium of the introduction of poisonous materials. That it is often such a medium there occasionally appear facts to show in the most decisive manner. One of the most familiar examples is in the poisoning by lead. While the painter is poisoned by its introduction by the lungs or the skin, in the case of others it is often introduced into the stomach dissolved in water or other liquids. It is not the metallic lead itself that does the mischief, but a soluble compound of it produced by the chemical action of something in the liquid. The water in one locality may be of such a character as to produce this action, while in another it is not; so that whenever the question of using of lead pipes for the conduction of water is entertained, the decision should be based upon an actual chemical examination of the influence of the water upon lead. And if in any case there be an addition of water from any new source to that already supplied through lead pipes, there should be a new application of the chemical test. And we would farther say that the examination should be a thorough one, for a very minute amount of lead introduced daily for a long time into the system may produce disastrous results.

Some recent investigations in regard to cholera have shown a marked connection between the diffusion of this disease and the character of the water used for drinking and for cooking purposes. Facts have been collected, for example, in relation to different localities in London and its vicinity, showing that the more impure is the water the more severe is the disease, and the greater is the number of the victims.

In some localities the water always occasions a decided derangement of the digestive organs in persons newly come to them. The inference is a clear one—that such water must be somewhat injurious to those who are accustomed to its use. The fact that they experience no palpable harm by no means proves that they suffer no harm at all. Water that is really good will produce no evil effects upon any one. It needs no accommodation to be effected in relation to it on the part of the system; and where such an accommodation is required, there is need either of applying some corrective or of obtaining some other supply. A poor expedient is it to resort to alcoholic drinks for relief. It may answer a good purpose temporarily as a remedy, but to use it habitually as a substitute is only putting one poison in the place of another. The only rational mode of relief is in the alternative indicated.

The cases that we have alluded to are palpable ones, but they give us reason to infer that there is much harm done in an insensible way by impure water. Indeed this unperceived injury is undoubtedly much greater in the aggregate than that which is manifestly done. It affects a much larger number, slowly and secretly undermining the health, co-operating with other causes, and often kept from view by them. We have seen all this occasionally exemplified in lead-poisoning. Cases have every now and then appeared in which the symptoms were very equivocal in their character, but were after a while traced quite distinctly to the slow introduction of lead as their chief source. Then other cases of a less clear character have occurred, which have led to a well-founded suspicion that the evil is wide-spread, and that ailments which have been attributed to other causes have come, in part at least, from lead.

The same is true to some extent of other impurities, mineral, vegetable, and animal, that are often contained in water. And the whole subject needs to be more carefully considered than it usually is in making our arrangements for supplying our dwellings with water for drinking and for cooking purposes.

We shall recur to this subject again, in relation to the sources of impurity in water, and the proper means of guarding against them.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

THE FORTIETH CONGRESS.

A bill appropriating $500,000 to enforce the Reconstruction Act in the Southern States was passed by the House on March 12.

A bill to provide clothing for destitute soldiers passed the same body at the same time.

The Senate resolutions appropriating $15,000 for the destitute colored people of the District of Columbia was concurred in by the House on March 12.

The Senate on March 12 rejected the nominations of Edgar Cowan as Minister to Austria, L. V. Bogy as Indian Commissioner, and John Quincy Adams as Naval officer of Boston.

The Supplementary Reconstruction bill was called up in the Senate on March 14, and after considerable efforts at amending, it was finally passed on March 16. Amendments providing that at the first election held in each State the registered voters should vote for or against a State Convention, and that it should be held or not held as the majority decided; that no State Constitution should be valid unless it provided for election by close ballot, and agreed that such mode of voting should not be changed without the assent of Congress; prescribing an explicit affirmative oath to voters, in place of the oath that they are not disqualified by the first bill; and providing that the common or public schools shall be open to all without regard to color, were rejected. Amendments providing that unless a majority of the registered voters vote for a Convention no Convention shall be held; and that the Constitution shall be adopted when voted for by a majority of not less than one half of the registered voters, were agreed to: and as thus altered the act was passed by a vote of 38 yeas to 2 nays, Reverdy Johnson with the Republicans. The House took it up on March 18, added several amendments, and passed it. The Senate on the same day considered the amendments, and one of them being disagreed to, the bill returned to the House.

THE LEGISLATURE.

The Cross-town Railroad bill was passed by the Assembly on March 14.

The Conference Committee of the two Houses, on March 14, agreed to report a bill for the Constitutional Convention, which provides for four delegates from each Senate District, and thirty-two delegates at large, and authorizes all male citizens over twenty-one years, without regard to color or property qualification, to vote for delegates.

THE MILITARY COMMANDERS.

General Grant, on March 13, published an order making the following assignments of officers of the army, to whom the enforcement of the Military Reconstruction bill is to be intrusted: *First District*—Virginia, General John M. Schofield. *Second District*—North and South Carolina, General Daniel E. Sickles. *Third District*—Georgia, Florida, and Alabama, General John Pope. *Fourth District*—Mississippi and Arkansas, General E. O. C. Ord. *Fifth District*—Louisiana and Texas, General Philip H. Sheridan. *Department of the Cumberland*—Kentucky and Tennessee, General George H. Thomas.

NEWS ITEMS.

St. Patrick's day was celebrated on March 18 by the Irishmen of New York city with unusual enthusiasm, the customary procession of the civic and military societies being varied by a general and characteristic row. A truck-driver attempted to pass through Grand Street while one of the societies were forming in it, and was ordered back by the marshal in charge of the body. He could not obey, from the fact that he was opposed in front by the marshal and blockaded in rear by other trucks. The marshal and his followers thereupon attacked the driver, knocking him down and severely injuring him. A policeman who endeavored to rescue him met with the same fate. Other policemen came to the rescue, to the number of twenty or more, but several hundred rioters had by this time gathered on the scene, and the fight became general, resulting, however, in the final defeat and dispersion of the rioters. Twenty-one of the policemen were badly injured, some of them fatally, it is feared. The damage to the rioters is not known. The riot, however, did not serve to dampen the spirits of the sons of St. Patrick, and they enjoyed themselves hugely for the rest of the day, ending up with a grand banquet at Delmonico's, at which Mr. Maguire, M.P., and others made speeches which contained no reference to the disgraceful riot of the morning.

General Griffin, of the Freedmen's Bureau in Texas, on March 11, directed his assistants in Grayson County to arrest all persons charged with crimes, and detain them for trial by military commissions, and for this purpose he places troops at the orders of his assistants.

The official report of the colored schools of Memphis shows that nearly two thousand three hundred children are enjoying advantages for education. The support of these schools is derived chiefly from Northern benevolence, and as yet it is only in the cities that it has been found feasible to establish them. The protection of the Freedmen's Bureau is usually found necessary.

The Legislature of Maryland, on March 13, elected Philip F. Thomas (Democrat) United States Senator.

The lower branch of the Massachusetts Legislature ratified the Constitutional Amendment on March 14, by a vote of 120 yeas to 20 nays. Two days previous to the vote Mr. Walker, the colored member, made a long speech denouncing the Amendment.

A riot occurred in Carlisle, Pennsylvania, on March 15, election day, in which the soldiers at Carlisle barracks engaged. A citizen named A. Hammil was killed, and two soldiers and several citizens were wounded.

The greatest floods known in the West for many years occurred about the middle of March, and caused great suffering, and were very destructive of property and life. The Ohio River left its usual course at several points, inundating the country on either side, and forming in some places a lake thirty miles wide. The levees at Mound City, Illinois, broke on March 13, greatly damaging property and threatening the safety of the town, as well as that of Cairo. The railroads south from Louisville, Kentucky, were broken up by the carrying away of the bridges by the flood. It is estimated that the inundation has damaged East Tennessee over $2,000,000. Over two hundred persons were washed out of their homes in Knoxville. At Chattanooga on March 11 the water was from twelve to twenty feet deep; many houses toppling over and others floating away. The Mayor, with a posse of citizens and soldiers, was foraging among the loaded cars for food. The agent of the road protested, but the Mayor said the people were starving. Twenty-five dead bodies were seen floating down the river at Bridgeport, Alabama, on the 12th. That part of Arkansas lying along the Mississippi and Arkansas rivers has been overflowed, with great loss of property and suffering among the inhabitants. Twenty-seven lives had been lost at Helena by the flood, mostly freedmen.

The colored citizens of Columbia, South Carolina, held a meeting on March 18 to celebrate the passage of the bill enfranchising them, when they were addressed by Wade Hampton, four other prominent white citizens, and two colored orators. Sentiments of affiliation with the rebel white population were expressed, and one of the colored orators stated that they would urge Congress to repeal the disfranchising clause. A similar meeting was held in Savannah on the same day, when three thousand negroes were present.

FOREIGN NEWS.

THE IRISH UPRISING.

The reports from Ireland regarding the late Fenian disturbances are conflicting, and, in detail, entirely unintelligible. The facts patent to all, however, are that no further attacks have been made by the Fenians: that they have disappeared from the places that lately knew them; and that the English troops are in possession in strong force. The Government authorities professed to believe that a general and formidable insurrection would take place on St. Patrick's day, but the occasion passed off with only the usual demonstrations.

THE EASTERN QUESTION.

The Servian and Cretan questions promise an early solution. A general exchange of opinions between the European Powers and Turkey has been had; and Earl Derby announced officially on the 16th of March that the Sultan had decided to evacuate Servia, and will hereafter enforce authority only through the civil powers. This leaves Servia practically free. Concessions have been demanded by Russia and granted by the Sultan to his Christian subjects in Candia, and a general reform in their favor is promised by the Sublime Porte. All Cretan exiles had been permitted to return to the island, and a Candian Deputation had been received by the Sultan. France, Austria, and Russia have made a joint proposition to Turkey to cede Candia to Greece. Troops are still being sent into Crete, however, and while making concessions on the one hand the Sultan appears to be determined also to suppress the insurgents. Ten fresh battalions of troops under Hassan Pasha were preparing to sail on March 14. Meantime the Sultan has troubles with his other subjects. The Viceroy of Egypt has refused to pay his part of the tribute levied by the Sultan to defray the expenses of the war in Crete; and the insurrection in Thessaly continues to be very formidable. It is reported by the Greeks that the losses in the Egyptian contingent of the Turkish army in Crete have amounted to twelve thousand out of a force of twenty-four thousand men—a fact which may explain the "no more money" position of the Viceroy of Egypt.

GENERAL NEWS.

Work on the Paris Exposition building stopped on March 12, the workmen having struck for higher wages.

A German Baron Munchausen, formerly Premier of the late Hanoverian kingdom, recently took offense at some words uttered in debate by Count Bismarck, and sent him a challenge. The result has not yet been announced.

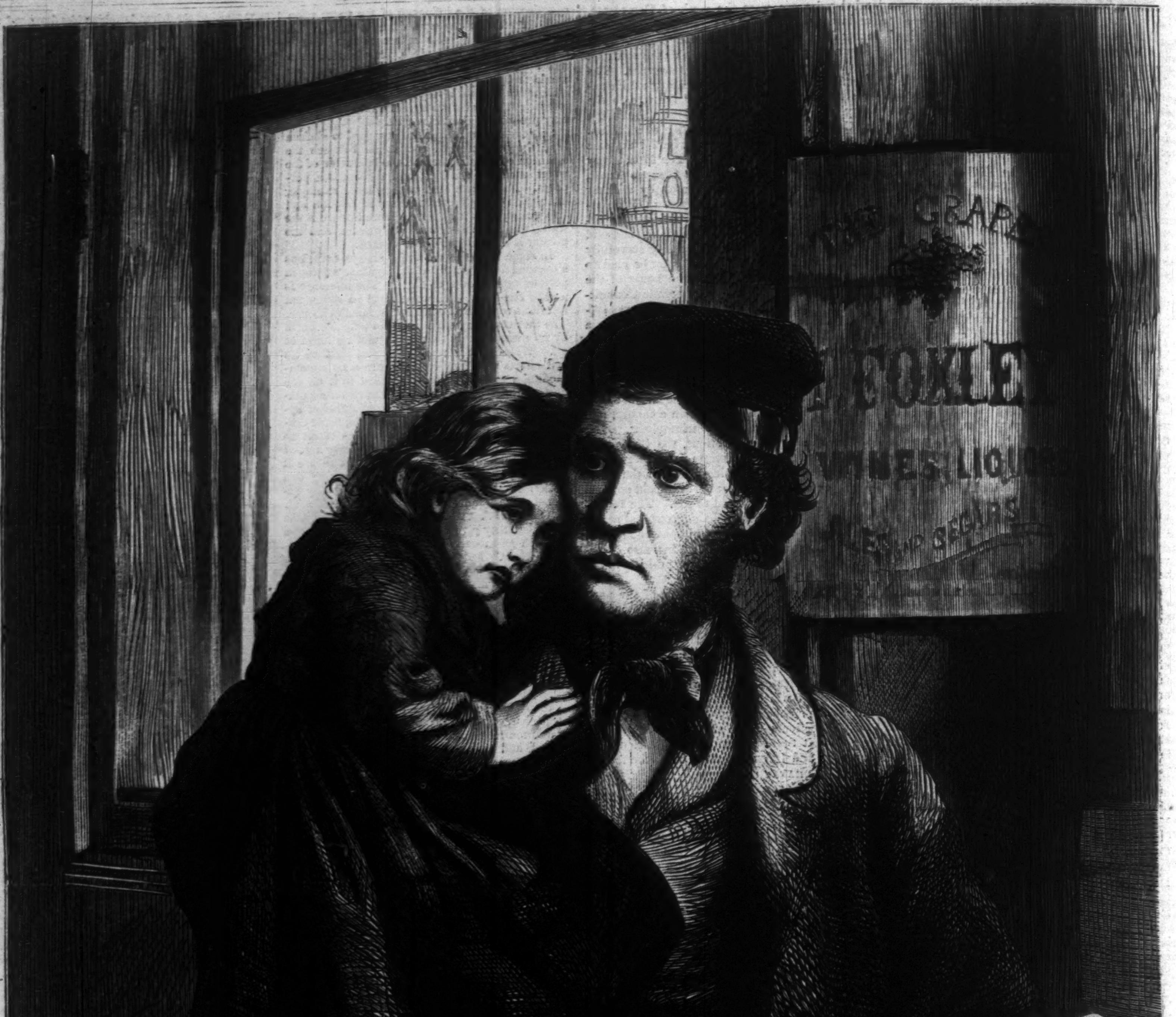
The Reform bill of the Derby Cabinet was read in Parliament on March 18. It gives the right of suffrage to rate-paying householders after two years' residence; to men paying one pound yearly taxes, or having thirty pounds in a savings bank, or fifty pounds in the funds; and to all members of the learned professions and graduates of the universities. The bill also provides for a fifteen-pound franchise in the counties.

Garibaldi, instead of going to Candia, has entered the field of politics at home, and in the late Italian elections led the Opposition to the present Cabinet. He has also recently avowed his radicalism by writing a letter to the Paris *Siècle* in which he subscribes fifty centimes to the proposed Voltaire monument, and says that "a monument to Voltaire in France signifies the return of that noble country to its post of advanced-guard of human progress."

The Poor Law Board in London reported on December 31, 1866, that over 900,000 paupers in England and Wales received Government assistance.

President Prado, of Peru, on February 15, abandoned his dictatorship, and Congress was regularly installed. A bill was presented to Congress, in which it was declared that Peru would listen to no offer of mediation until Spain declared that the acts of her agents in the Pacific were in violation of international law.

Fort Curupaity, Paraguay, was again bombarded on January 12; and on January 18 the allied army carried one of its outer line of intrenchments.


THE GRAPE
FOXLE
WINES, LIQU
ALES AND SEGARS

"FATHER, DON'T GO."—[See Page 206.]

INTOLERANT ROME.

The present Pope has done his best to insult America. We are sure, however, that no liberal Catholic will charge us with retaliation, either on account of the illustrations given on this page, representing some peculiar features of papacy in Rome, or because of what we may have to say about some distinctive characteristics of papal worship.

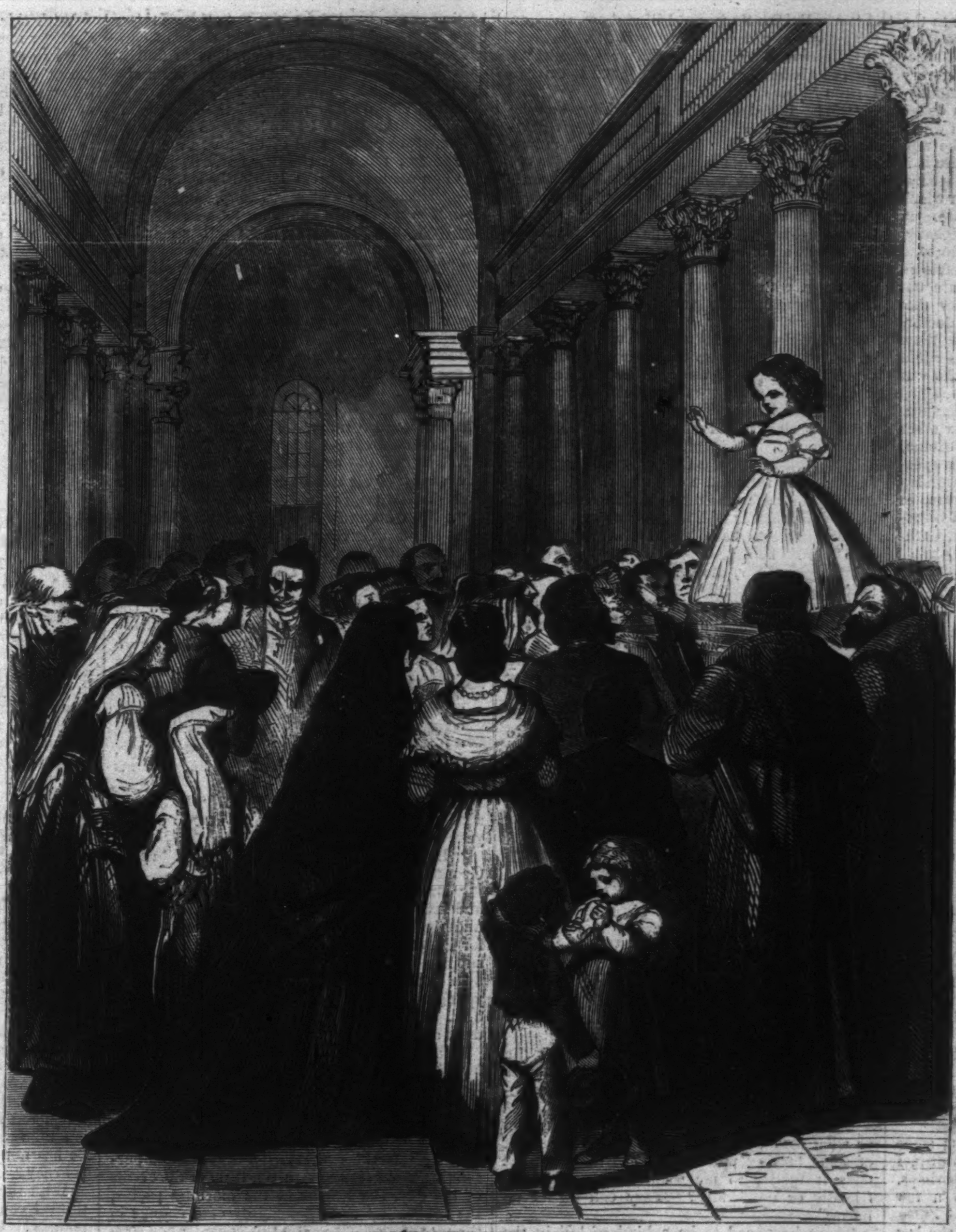
As to our illustrations, we desire to direct attention to a single feature of the Roman Catholic Church more characteristic of it than any other—namely, the *dramatic* character of its worship. To the primitive church Christianity was an all-absorbing reality. With the exception of its two great sacraments—Baptism and the Lord's Supper—there was in its whole system of worship no dramatic representation; and it was the vital significance of these sacraments, and not their impressiveness as an appeal to the senses, which sustained them and gave them their importance. Hitherto the worship of all the world—including the Jewish—had, in its outward expression, consisted exclusively of dramatic representations. The pomp of temple ceremonies, of sacrifices, and of processions, and the symbolism of secret mysteries is the sum of all that is known of human religions before the Christian era. Systems of philosophy there had been, inculcating moral doctrines affecting the problem of human life; but of these doctrines not a whisper was ever heard within the temple walls of Pagandom, not a hint given either in secret symbol or within the entire circle of pontifical rites. If the gods seemed unkind they were feared and, it would appear, almost hated; but the priestly order, with sacrifices and solemn incantations, stood between the ignorant people and the divine wrath. If health prevailed and harvests were abundant, then went up the pæans of the people—their Pagan *Te Deums.* In such a state of affairs the priests, of necessity, were predominant over kings and peoples alike. To satisfy the religious cravings of men, and in answer to their cryings out after God, they flung in their faces images and doubtful oracles, and all the while kept up their unending pomp of ceremonies, orgies, and processions.

Christianity overturned all this. Through the crucified Saviour human fear and hope both found a resting-place in the doctrine of the Atonement, which, if mysterious (in the sense of being inexplicable by any merely intellectual theory), was not therefore any the less significant. The meaning of this gigantic revolution may be summed up in the fact that a system of vital doctrine displaced a system of dramatic show.

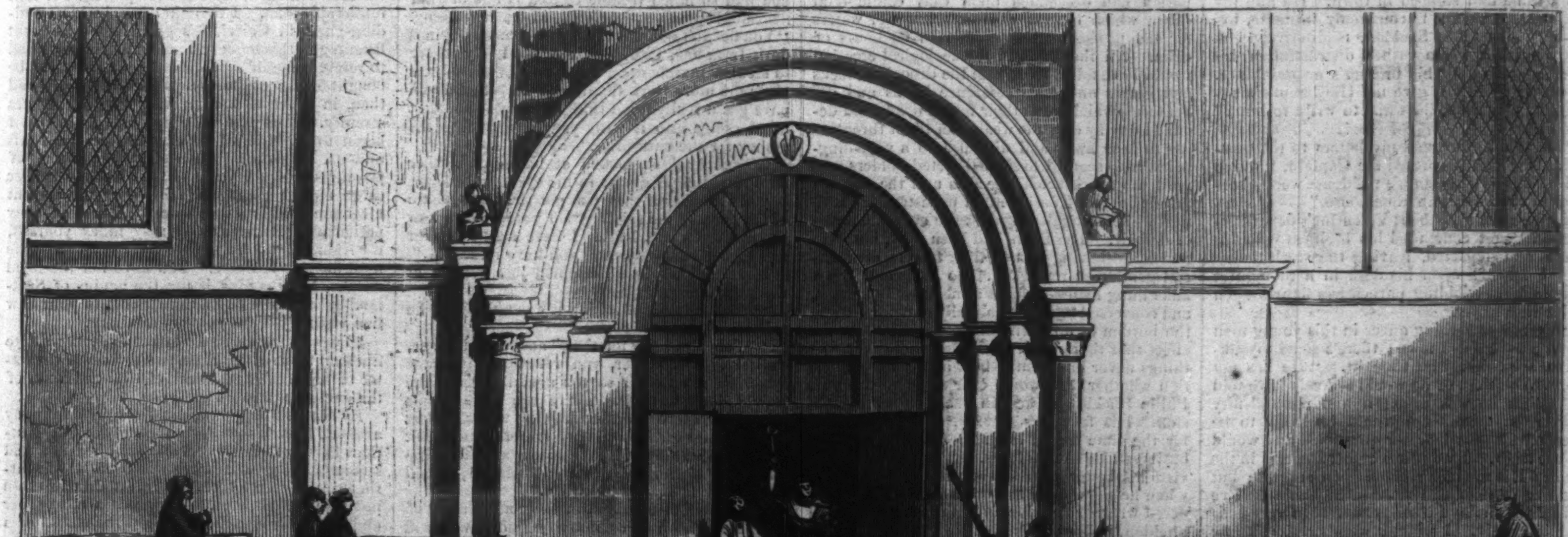
Now in the primitive church this system of Christian truth, or doctrine, maintained its original prominence. This continued to be the case until the Church began to aim at political power through the conversion of the outlying hordes of heathen upon her borders. Then it was that Christendom began to mean more than Christianity. The Church became infatuated with missionary zeal. She proselyted whole nations at once, baptizing untaught savages by tribes, and with one sweep of her mantle sought to draw within her bosom the entire world. The result was what might have been anticipated. Christian education having been discarded as a preliminary to adoption into the Christian Church, at length came to be neglected, and finally to be deprecated. Swallowing at one gulp the mass of heathen darkness which surrounded her, the Church was attacked with the terrible disease of indigestion. Her own light, wasted in all this darkness, grew dim. She descended to a lower plane of action, laid aside her brightest weapons of warfare, forgot that in the great body of Christian doctrine was her everlasting might, and resorted to those tricks of priestcraft and those hollow dramatic shows upon which the religions of the Pagan world had depended for their power over men.

Protestantism in the sixteenth century was simply a revival of primitive Christianity, a resurrection of the simple faith of the apostles, an appeal from the meaningless mummeries of the Church to the mighty doctrines which were the seal alike of her divinity and of her permanent power. From the rise of Protestantism Christian education has flourished. Room has been given to the human intellect. The largest developments of science and the mechanic arts have not been found to disturb either the purity or strength of Christian faith.

But during the four centuries in which Protestantism has been developing the real powers of Christianity for human weal and salvation the Roman Catholic Church has in her modes of working remained essentially the same as in the Dark Ages; losing, indeed, year by year, her hold upon temporal empire and her power to compel ignorance, but retaining her former spirit of intolerance. There is much that is beautiful and impressive in her worship, but spir-



RELIGION IN INTOLERANT ROME—CHILD PREACHING.



RELIGION IN INTOLERANT ROME—BLESSING OF HORSES, ASSES, AND MULES, IN FRONT OF THE CHURCH OF SAN ANTONIO.

itual significance is lost in a mere appeal to the senses. The structure of Romanism still remains what it has been for ages—a grand spectacular drama. There may be something very affecting and beautiful in the Pope's annually-repeated custom of washing the feet of a dozen men to represent Christ's memorable act of washing his disciples' feet. Judas also may be represented there with his bag. But what else is it but a play? Or is it looked upon by the spectators in any other light? The illustration which we give on page 197 is another similar case. A little child, at the festival of the Epiphany, preaches a sermon to the learned papal doctors, to represent Christ's teaching of the doctors in the Jewish temple. It is a beautiful picture, but what else? Does not every body know that child has first learned its lesson from the doctors themselves? And, if we do not mistake, there must be some among the spectators who could wish that it was *really* the child Jesus who was preaching!

We are not writing in a spirit of intolerance. The fact is, the intolerance is all on the other side. If you or I, reader, happen to be in Rome, we must consent to worship God after this spectacular fashion, or not engage in public worship at all. No other style of religion is tolerated in Rome. We would not even be allowed a Christian burial there, except after the Roman Catholic form.

BIRDS OF PREY.

By the Author of "Lady Audley's Secret," etc.

Book III.—Heaping up Riches

CHAPTER IX.

MR. SHELDON ON THE WATCH.

MR. SHELDON had occasion to see Captain Paget early the following day, and questioned him closely about his protégé's movements. He had found Valentine a very useful tool in sundry intricate transactions of the commercial kind, and he expected his tools to be ready for his service. He was therefore considerably annoyed by Valentine's abrupt departure.

"I think young Hawkehurst might have told me he was going out of town," he said. "What the deuce has taken him off in such a hurry?"

"He is going to see some mysterious old aunt at Dorking, from whom he seems to expect money," the Captain answered, carelessly. "I dare say I can do what you want, Sheldon."

"Very likely. But how comes that young fellow to have an aunt at Dorking? I fancy I've heard him say he was without a relative or a friend in the world—always excepting yourself."

"The aunt may be another exception; some poor old soul that he's half ashamed to own, I dare say—the inmate of an alms-house, perhaps. Val's expectations may be limited to a few pounds hoarded in a china tea-pot."

"I should have thought Hawkehurst the last man in the world to care about looking after that sort of thing. I could have given him plenty to do if he had stopped in town. He and my brother George are uncommonly intimate, by-the-by," added Mr. Sheldon, meditatively. It was his habit to be rather distrustful of his brother, and of all his brother's acquaintance. "I suppose you can give me Hawkehurst's address, in case I should want to write to him?" he said.

"He told me to send my letters to the post-office, Dorking," answered the Captain, "which really looks as if the aunt's residence were something in the way of an alms-house."

No more was said about Valentine's departure. Captain Paget concluded his business with his patron and departed, leaving the stock-broker leaning forward upon his desk in a thoughtful attitude and scribbling purposeless figures upon his blotting-paper.

"There's something queer in this young man running away from town; there's some mystification *somewhere*," he thought. "He has not gone to Dorking, or he would scarcely have told Lotta that he was going a hundred-and-fifty miles from town. He would be likely to be taken off his guard by her questions, and would tell the truth. I wonder whether Paget is in the secret. His manner seemed open enough; but that sort of man can pretend any thing. I've noticed that he and George have been very confidential lately. I wonder whether there's any underhand game on the cards between those two."

The game of which Mr. Sheldon thought as he leaned over his blotting-paper was a very different kind of game from that which really occupied the attention of George and his friend.

"I'll go to his lodgings at once," he said to himself by-and-by, rising and putting on his hat quickly in his eagerness to act upon his resolution. "I'll see if he really has left town."

The stock-broker hailed the first empty hansom to be seen in the crowded thoroughfare from which his shady court diverged. In less than an hour he alighted before the door of the house in which Captain Paget lodged.

"Is Mr. Hawkehurst in?" he asked of the girl who admitted him.

"No, Sir; he's just left to go into the country. He hasn't been gone ten minutes. You might a'most have met him."

"Do you know where he has gone?"

"I heard say it was Dorking, Sir."

"Humph! I should like to have seen him before he went. Did he take much luggage?"

"One portmanter, Sir."

"I suppose you didn't notice where he told the man to drive?"

"Yes, Sir; it was Euston Square."

"Ah, Euston Square. I'll go there, then, on the chance of catching him," said Mr. Sheldon.

He bestowed a donation upon the domestic, re-entered his hansom, and told the man to drive to Euston Square "like a shot."

"So! His destination is Dorking, and he goes from Euston Square!" muttered Mr. Sheldon, in sombre meditation, as the hansom rattled and rushed and jingled and jolted over the stones. "There's something under the cards here."

Arrived at the great terminus, the stock-broker made his way to the down platform. There was a lull in the day's traffic, and only a few listless wretches lounging disconsolately here and there, with eyes ever and anon lifted to the clock. Among these there was no Valentine Hawkehurst.

Mr. Sheldon peered into all the waiting-rooms, and surveyed the refreshment-counter; but there was still no sign of the man he sought. He went back to the ticket-office; but here again all was desolate, the shutters of the pigeon-holes hermetically closed, and no vestige of Valentine Hawkehurst.

The stock-broker was disappointed, but not defeated. He returned to the platform, looked about him for a few moments, and then addressed himself to a porter of intelligent aspect.

"What trains have left here within the last half hour?" he asked.

"Only one, Sir, the 2.15 down, for Manchester."

"You didn't happen to notice a dark-eyed, dark-haired young man among the passengers—second-class?" asked Mr. Sheldon.

"No, Sir. There are always a good many passengers by that train; I haven't time to notice their faces."

The stock-broker asked no further questions. He was a man who did not care to be obliged to others for information which he could obtain for himself. He walked straight to a place where the time-tables were pasted on the wall, and ran his finger along the figures till he came to those he wanted.

The 2.15 train was a fast train which stopped at only four places—Rugby, Ullerton, Murford, and Manchester.

"I dare say he has gone to Manchester," thought Mr. Sheldon—"on some racing business, most likely, which he wants to keep dark from his patron the Captain. What a fool I am to trouble myself about him, as if he couldn't stir without meaning mischief to me! But I don't understand the friendship between him and George. My brother George is not likely to take up any man without some motive."

After these reflections Mr. Sheldon left the station and went back to his office in another hansom, still extremely thoughtful and somewhat disquieted.

"What does it matter to me where they go or what they do?" he asked himself, impatient of some lurking weakness of his own; "what does it matter to me whether those two are friendly or unfriendly? They can do *me* no harm."

There happened to be a kind of lull in the stormy regions of the Stock Exchange at the time of Valentine Hawkehurst's departure. Stagnation had descended upon that commercial ocean which is such a dismal waste of waters for the professional speculator in its hours of calm. All the Bulls in the zoological creation would have failed to elevate the drooping stocks and shares and first-preference bonds and debentures, which hung their feeble heads and declined day by day, the weaker of them threatening to fade away and diminish to a vanishing-point, as it seemed to some dejected holders who read the Stock-Exchange lists and the money-article in the *Times* with a persistent hopefulness which struggled against the encroachments of despair. The Bears had been busy, but were now idle—having burned their fingers, commercial gentlemen remarked. So Bulls and Bears alike hung listlessly about a melancholy market, and conversed together dolefully in corners; and the burden of all their lamentations was to the effect that there never had been such times, and things never had been so bad, and it was a question whether they would ever right themselves. Philip Sheldon shared in the general depression. His face was gloomy, and his manner, for the time being, lost something of its brisk business-like cheerfulness. The men who envied his better fortunes watched him furtively when he showed himself among them, and wondered whether Sheldon, of Jull, Girdlestone, and Sheldon, had been hit by these bad times.

It was not entirely the pressure of that commercial stagnation which weighed on the spirits of Philip Sheldon. The stock-broker was tormented by private doubts and uncertainties which had nothing to do with the money-market.

On the day after Valentine's journey to Ullerton, Mr. Sheldon the elder presented himself at his brother's office in Gray's Inn. It was his habit to throw waifs and strays of business in the attorney's way, and to make use of him occasionally, though he had steadily refused to lend or give him money; and it was his habit, as it were, to keep an eye upon his younger brother—rather a jealous eye, which took note of all George's doings, and kept suspicious watch upon all George's associates. Going unannounced into his brother's office on this particular morning, Philip Sheldon found him bending over an outspread document—a great sheet of cartridge-paper covered with a net-work of lines, dotted about with circles, and with little patches of writing in red and black ink in the neatest possible penmanship. Mr. Sheldon the elder, whose bright black eyes were as the eyes of the hawk, took note of this paper, and had caught more than one stray word that stood out in larger and bolder characters than its neighbors, before his brother could fold it; for it is not an easy thing for a man to fold an elephantine sheet of cartridge when he is nervously anxious to fold it quickly, and is conscious that the eyes of an observant brother are upon him.

Before George had mastered the folding of the elephantine sheet, Philip had seen and taken note of two words. One of these was the word INTESTATE; the other the name HAYGARTH.

"You seem in a great hurry to get that document out of the way," said Philip, as he seated himself in the client's chair.

"Well, to tell the truth, you rather startled me," answered George. "I didn't know who it might be, you know; and I was expecting a fellow who—" And then Mr. Sheldon the younger broke off abruptly, and asked, with rather a suspicious air: "Why didn't that boy announce you?"

"Because I wouldn't let him. Why should he announce me? One would think you were carrying on some political conspiracy, George, and had a modern Thistlewood gang hidden in that cupboard yonder. How thick you and Hawkehurst are, by-the-by."

In spite of the convenient "by-the-by," this last remark of the stock-broker's sounded rather irrelevant.

"I don't know about being 'thick.' Hawkehurst seems a very decent young fellow, and he and I get on pretty well together. But I'm not as 'thick' with him as I was with Tom Halliday."

It was to be observed that Mr. Sheldon the younger was very apt to refer to that friendship with the dead Yorkshireman in the course of conversation with Philip.

"Hawkehurst has just left town," said Philip indifferently.

"Yes, I know he has."

"When did you hear it?"

"I saw him last night," answered George, taken off his guard by the carelessness of his brother's manner.

"Did you?" cried Mr. Sheldon. "You make a mistake there. He left town at two o'clock yesterday."

"How do you happen to know that?" asked George, sharply.

"Because I happened to be at the station, and saw him take his ticket. There's something underhand in that journey of his, by-the-way; for Paget told me he was going to Dorking. I suppose he and Paget have some game of their own on the cards. I was rather annoyed by the young man's departure, as I had some work for him. However, I can find plenty of fellows to do it as well as Hawkehurst could have done."

George was looking into an open drawer in his desk while his brother said this. He had a habit of opening drawers and peering into them absently during the progress of an interview, as if looking for some particular paper that was never to be found.

After this the conversation became less personal. The brothers talked a little of the events of the day, the leaders in the morning papers, the probability or improbability of a change in the rate of discount. But this conversation soon flagged, and Mr. Sheldon rose to depart.

"I suppose that sheet of cartridge-paper which you had so much trouble to fold is one of your genealogical tables," he said, as he was going. "You needn't take so much trouble to keep things dark from me, George. I'm not likely to try to steal a march upon you; my own business gives me more work than I can do. But if you have got a really good thing at last, I shouldn't mind going into it with you, and finding the money for the enterprise."

George Sheldon looked at his elder brother with a malicious glitter in his eyes.

"On condition that you got the lion's share of the profits," he said. "Oh yes; I know how generous you are, Phil. I have asked you for money before to-day, and you have refused it."

Mr. Sheldon's face darkened just a little at this point.

"Your manner of asking it was offensive," he said.

"Well, I'm sorry for that," answered George, politely. "However, you refused me money when I did want it; so you needn't offer it me now I don't want it. There are some people who think I have sacrificed my life to a senseless theory; and perhaps you are one of them. But there is one thing you may be certain of, Philip Sheldon: if ever I *do* get a good chance, I shall know how to keep it to myself."

There are men skilled in the concealment of their feelings on all ordinary occasions, who will yet betray themselves in a crisis of importance. George Sheldon would fain have kept his project hidden from his elder brother; but in this one unguarded moment he forgot himself, and allowed the sense of triumph to irradiate his face.

The stock-broker was a reader of men rather than books; and it is a notable thing what superiority in all worldly wisdom is possessed by men who eschew books. He was able to translate the meaning of George's smile—a smile of mingled triumph and malice.

"The fellow *has* got a good thing," he thought to himself; "and Hawkehurst is in it. It must be a deuced good thing too, or he wouldn't refuse my offer of money."

Mr. Sheldon was the last man in the world to reveal any mortification which he might experience from his brother's conduct.

"Well, you're quite right to stick to your chance, George," he said, with agreeable frankness. "You've waited long enough for it. As for me, I've got my fingers in a good many pies just at present; so perhaps I had better keep them out of yours, whatever plums there may be to be picked out of it by an enterprising Jack Horner. Pick out your plums for yourself, old fellow, and I'll be one of the first to call you a good boy for your pains."

With this, Mr. Sheldon slapped his brother's shoulder and departed.

"I think I've had the best of Master Phil for once," muttered George; and then he thrust his sinewy hands into the depths of his trowsers-pockets, and indulged in a silent laugh which displayed his strong square white teeth to perfection. "I flatter myself I took a rise out of Phil to-day," he muttered.

The sense of a malicious triumph over a social enemy is a very delightful kind of thing—so delightful that a man is apt to ignore the possible cost of the enjoyment. It is like the pleasure of kicking a man who is down—very delicious in its way; only one never knows how soon the man may be up again.

George Sheldon, who was tolerably skilled in the science of human nature, should have known that "taking a rise" out of his brother was likely to be a rather costly operation. Philip was not the safest man to deal with at any time; but he was most dangerous when he was "jolly."

Book IV.—Valentine Hawkehurst's Record.

CHAPTER I.

THE OLDEST INHABITANT.

BLACK SWAN INN, ULLERTON, *October* 2.

As the work I am now employed in is quite new to me, and I am to keep Sheldon posted up in this business day by day, I have decided on jotting down the results of my inquiries in a kind of diary. Instead of writing my principal a formal letter, I shall send a copy of the entries in the diary, revised and amended. This will insure exactitude; and there is just the possibility that the record may be useful to me hereafter. To remember all I hear and pick up about these departed Haygarths without the aid of pen and ink would be out of the question; so I mean to go in for unlimited pen-and-ink like a hero, not to say a martyr.

And I am to do all this for twenty shillings a week, and the remote possibility of three thousand pounds! Oh, genius, genius! in all the markets of this round world is there no better price for you than that?

How sweetly my Charlotte looked at me yesterday, when I told her I was going away! If I could have dared to kneel at her feet under those whispering elms—unconscious of the children, unconscious of the nurse-maids; if I could have dared to cry aloud to her, "I am a penniless reprobate, but I love you; I am a disreputable pauper, but I adore you! Have pity upon my love, and forget my worthlessness!" If I could have dared to carry her away from her prim suburban home and that terrible black-whiskered stock-broking step-father! But how is a man to carry off the woman he adores when he has not the *de quoi* for the first stage of the journey?

With three thousand pounds in my pocket I think I could dare any thing. Three thousand pounds! One year of splendor and happiness, and then—the rest is chaos!

I have seen the oldest inhabitant. *Ay de mi!* Sheldon did not exaggerate the prosiness of that intolerable man. I thought of the luckless wedding-guest in Coleridge's grim ballad as I sat listening to this modern-ancient mariner. I had to remind myself of all the bright things to be bought for three thousand pounds, every now and then, in order to endure with fortitude, if not serenity. And now the day's work is done, I begin to think it might as well have been left undone. How am I to disintegrate the mass of prosiness which I have heard this day? For three mortal hours did I listen to my ancient mariner; and how much am I the wiser for my patience? Clever as you may fancy yourself, my friend Hawkehurst, you don't seem to be the man for this business. You have not the legal mind. Your genius is not the genius of Scotland-yard, and I begin to fear that in your new line you may prove yourself a failure.

However, where all is dark to me, the astute Sheldon may see daylight, so I'll observe the letter of my bond, and check off the residuum of the ancient mariner's prosiness.

By dint of much pumping I obtained from my ancient, first, his father's recollections of Matthew Haygarth a few years before his death, and secondly, his grandfather's recollections of Matthew in his wild youth. It seems that in those last years of his life Matthew was a most sober and estimable citizen; attended the chapel of a non-conforming sect; read the works of Baxter, and followed in the footsteps of his departed father; was a kind husband to a woman who appears to me to have been rather a pragmatical and icy personage, but who was esteemed a model of womanly virtue, and who had money. Strange that these respectable and wealthy citizens should be so eager to increase their store by alliance with respectable and wealthy citizenesses!

In his later years Matthew Haygarth seems to have imitated his father in many respects. Like his father, he executed more than one will; and like his father, he died intestate. The lawyer who drew up his will on more than one occasion was a man called Brice—like his client, eminently respectable.

After his marriage, our esteemed Matthew retired to a modest mansion in the heart of the country, and some ten or fifteen miles from Ullerton. The mansion in question is at a place called Dewsdale, and was the property of the wife, and accrued to him through her.

This house and estate of some thirty acres was afterward sold by the rev. intestate, John Haygarth, shortly after his coming of age, and within a year of his mother's death.

This much and no more could I extort from the oldest inhabitant relative to the latter days of our Matthew.

Respecting his wild youth I obtained the following crumbs of enlightenment. In the year 1741-2, being then one-and-twenty years of age, he left Ullerton. It is my ancient mariner's belief that he ran away from home, after some desperate quarrel with his father; and it is also the belief of my ancient that he staid away, without intermission, for twenty years—though on what precise fact that belief is founded is much more than I can extract from the venerable proser.

My ancient suggests—always in the haziest and most impracticable manner—the possibility that Matthew in his wild days lodged somewhere Clerkenwell way. He has a dim idea that he has heard his grandfather speak of St. John's Gate, Clerkenwell, in connection with Matthew Haygarth; but, as my ancient's grandfather seems to have been almost imbecile at the time he made such remarks, *this* is not much.

He has another idea—also very vague and impracticable—of having heard his grandfather say something about an adventure of Matthew Haygarth's, which was rather a heroic affair in its way—an adventure in which, in some inexplicable manner, the wild Matthew is mixed up with a dancing-girl, or player-girl, of Bartholomew Fair, and a nobleman.

This is the sum-total of the information to be extracted in three mortal hours from my ancient. Altogether the day has been very unsatisfactory; and I begin to think I'm not up to the sort of work required of me.

Oct. 3. Another long interview with my ancient. I dropped in directly after my breakfast, and about an hour after his dinner. I sat up late last night, occupied till nearly ten in copying my diary for Sheldon—which was just in time for the London post—and lingering over my cigar till past midnight, thinking of Charlotte. So I was late this morning.

My ancient received me graciously. I took him half a pound of mild bird's-eye tobacco, on diplomatic grounds. He is evidently the sort of person who would receive Mephistopheles graciously, if the fiend presented him with tobacco.

I returned to the charge—diplomatically, of course; talked about Ullerton and Ullerton people in general, insinuating occasional questions about the Haygarths. I was rewarded by obtaining some little information about Mrs. Matthew. That lady appears to have been a devoted disciple of John Wesley, and was fonder of traveling to divers towns and villages to hear the discourses of that preacher than her husband approved. It seems they were wont to disagree upon this subject.

For some years before her marriage Mrs. Matthew was a member of a Wesleyan confraternity, in those days newly established at Ullerton. They held meetings and heard sermons in the warehouse of a wealthy draper; and shortly before Mrs. Matthew's demise they built a chapel, still extant, in a dingy little thoroughfare known as Waterhouse Lane.

On these points my ancient mariner is tolerably clear. They belong to the period remembered by his father.

And now I believe him to be pumped dry. I gave him my benediction, and left him smoking some of my tobacco, content with himself and with the world—always excepting the authorities, or board, of the alms-houses, against whom he appears to nourish a grievance.

After leaving him, I walked about Ullerton for an hour or so before returning to my humble hostelry. The streets of Ullerton are sealed with the seal of desolation—the abomination of desolation reigns in the market-place, where the grass flourishes greenly in the interstices of the pavement. The place has known prosperity, and is prosperous no longer; but although its chief trade has left it there are still some three or four factories in full swing. I heard clanging bells, and met bare-headed women and uncouth-looking men hurrying to and fro. I went to look at the Wesleyan chapel in Waterhouse Lane. It is a queer little building, and bears some resemblance to a toy Noah's Ark in red brick. Tall warehouses have arisen about it and hemmed it in, and the slim chimney-shaft of a water-works throws a black shadow aslant its unpretending façade. I inquired the name of the present minister. He is called Jonah Goodge, began life as a carpenter, and is accounted the pink and pattern of piety.

Oct. 4. A letter from Sheldon awaited me in the coffee-room letter-rack when I went down stairs to breakfast.

"MY DEAR HAWKEHURST,—Don't be disheartened if the work seems slow at first. You'll soon get used to it.

"I should recommend you to adopt the following tactics:

"*1st.* Go to the house at Dewsdale, inhabited by M. H. and his wife. You may have some difficulty in obtaining admission—and full liberty to explore and examine—from the present servant or owner; but you are not the man I take you for if you can not overcome such a difficulty. I inclose a few of my cards, which you can use at your discretion. They show professional status. It would be as well to call yourself my articled clerk, and to state that you are prosecuting an inquiry on the behalf of a client of mine, who wishes to prove a certain event in the past, connected remotely with the H. family. If asked whether your business relates to the property left by the rev. intestate, you must reply decisively in the negative. But I must remind you that extreme caution is required in every move you make. Wherever you can do your work *without* any reference to the name of Haygarth, avoid such reference. Always remember that there may be other people on the same scent.

"*2d.* Examine the house in detail; look for old pictures, old furniture, old needle-work; if you are lucky enough to find the Haygarth furniture was sold with the property, which I should think probable. The rev. intestate must have been at the University when he made the sale; and a young Cantab would in all likelihood pass over his ancestral chairs and tables to the purchaser of his ancestral mansion, as so much useless lumber. It is proverbial that walls have ears. I hope the Dewsdale walls may have tongues, and favor you with a little information.

"*3d.* When you have done all that is to be done at Dewsdale, your next work must be to hunt up any scion of the lawyer Brice; if such scion be in existence at Ullerton. Or if not to be found in Ullerton, ascertain where the descendant or descendants, of Brice, is, or are, to be found. Brice, the lawyer, must have known the contents of those wills executed and afterward destroyed by Haygarth, and may have kept rough drafts, copies, or memoranda of the same. This is most important. Yours truly. G. S."

This Sheldon is a wonderful man, and a cautious!—no signature to his letter.

I started for Dewsdale immediately after my breakfast. I have made arrangements for boarding in this house, which is a second-rate commercial inn. They have agreed to give me board and lodging for twenty shillings a week—the full amount of my stipend: so all that I gain by my researches in the affairs of the departed Matthew is food and shelter. However, as this food and shelter is perhaps more honestly obtained than those little dinners which I have so often partaken with the great Horatio, I will try to fancy a sweetness in the tough steaks and greasy legs of mutton. O sheep of Midlandshire! why cultivate such ponderous calves, and why so incline to sinews? O cooks of Midlandshire! why so superficial in the treatment of your roasts, so impetuous and inconsiderate when you boil?

A railroad now penetrates the rural district in which the village of Dewsdale is situated. There is a little station, something like a wooden Dutch oven, within a mile of the village; and here I alighted. The morning savored of summer rather than autumn. The air was soft and balmy, the sunshine steeped the landscape in warm light, and the red and golden tints of the fading foliage took new splendor from that yellow sunshine. A man whose life is spent in cities must be dull of soul indeed if he does not feel a little touched by the beauty of rustic scenery when he finds himself suddenly in the heart of the country. I had seen nothing so fair as those English fields and copses since I left the pine-clad hills of Forêtdechêne. An idiotic boy directed me across some fields to Dewsdale. He sent me a mile out of the way; but I forgave and blessed him, for I think the walk did me good. I felt as if all manner of vicious vapors were being blown out of my head as the soft wind lifted my hair.

And so to Dewsdale. Strolling leisurely through those quiet meadows, I fell to thinking of many things that seldom came into my mind in London. I thought of my dead mother—a poor gentle creature, too frail to carry heroically the burden laid upon her, and so a little soured by chronic debt and difficulty. I have reason to remember her tenderly; we shared so much misery together. I believe my father married her in the Rules of the Bench; and if I am not sure upon this point, I know for a certainty that I was born within those mystic boundaries.

And then my mind wandered to those nomadic adventures in which poor Diana Paget and I were so much together. I think we were a little fond of each other in those days; but in that matter I was at least prudent; and now the transient fancy has faded, on Di's part as well as on mine.

If I could be as prudent where Charlotte H. is concerned!

But prudence and Charlotte's eyes can not hold their own in the same brain. Of two things, one, as our neighbors say: a man must cease to be prudent, or he must forget those bewitching gray eyes.

I know she was sorry when she heard of my intended departure.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

A REAL BULL.—An Irishman, passing through a field of cattle the other day, said to a friend: "Whenever you see a herd of cows *all* lying down, and *one* of them only standing up, that *one* is sure to be the bull."

MEMORANDA FOR YOUNG LADIES.

Be sure to have a "dreadful cold" when asked to "favor the company." Cry at a wedding, but don't faint. Always scream at a spider. Drop your handkerchief when you are going to faint. Mind you are "engaged" if you don't like your partner. Never faint unless it is convenient to fall into the arms of the young gentlemen you love. Remember, it's vulgar in the extreme to know what your mother is going to have for dinner. When you go shopping, be sure to take your ma along to carry the bundles.

SPIRIT SEIZURES.

The leading iron stores have been ordered to close, on account of the complaint that they all keep bars that are readily accessible to purchasers.

The stocks of the principal opticians have been confiscated, as it is proved that people are in the habit of getting their glasses there.

A seizure was ordered of a lot of *liquor*-ice owned by Mr. Todd, but failed of being executed, as none of the officers wished the reputation of taking a Todd.

The horizontal bar and tumblers will not be permitted at the circus.

A shipmaster who takes "any port in a storm" will be compelled to tell where he gets it.

Arrests have also been made of the man who was intoxicated with success, and the individual who was staggered by the result.

THE FIRST WEED.—The practice of smoking is of older date than is generally supposed. Every schoolboy has heard of the *Bacchæ* of Euripides.

A BACHELOR'S EPITAPH.

"At threescore winters' end I died,
  A cheerless being, sole and sad;
The nuptial knot I never tied,
  And wish my father never had."

A gentleman who had built a small house in a sequestered part of his grounds for private study, showed it to a friend, remarking, "Here I sit reading from morning till night, and nobody a bit the wiser."

Diogenes was the original hero of the *Tale of a Tub.* He lived in one, and invented the hydropathic practice of "cold tubbing," for it was his constant habit to throw cold water upon every thing and every body who stood in his own light.

Horse-taming is neither a modern nor a Yankee invention. Alexander the Great Rarey-fied Bucephalus centuries ago, remarking that "horses are like men, easily managed when you can put a good bit in their mouths."

Cupid, the God of Love, was the most perverse and mischievous inhabitant of Olympus. The tales told of the tricks played by him upon the celestial beaux are enough to harrow up the most phlegmatic old bachelor that ever quivered with indignation at the noise of children.

Men may live in a crowd, but they must die alone.

A PARCEL OF PROVERBS.

Take time by the forelock—to have his hair cut.

Follow your leader—in your daily paper.

The proof of the pudding is in the eating—a great deal of it.

Never look a gift-horse in the mouth—lest you should find false teeth.

The hare with many friends—was eaten at last.

A stitch in time saves nine—or more naughty words, when a button comes off while you are dressing in a great hurry for dinner.

One man's meat is another man's poison—when badly cooked.

Don't count your chickens before they are hatched—by the patent Incubator.

Love is blind—and unwilling to submit to an operation.

First catch your hare—then cook it with rich gravy.

LOST!—The buttons from a coat of paint.

"That Tomkins is a most absurd fool. What d'ye think he said the other night while feeding pretty little Ina Darley at that jolly party? He said: 'If I wish to represent the Assassin of Captain Cook, what delicacy will I present to Miss D.?' I walked away, but like a phantom he followed to bawl in my ear, 'A Sandwich *I'll-hand her!*' Bother Tomkins."

An old miser, who was notorious for self-denial, was one day asked why he was so thin. "I do not know," said the miser; "I have tried various means for getting fatter, but without success." "Have you tried victuals?" inquired the friend.

WINGLETS

FROM OUR "CORRESPONDENT ON-THE-WING."

WILLARD'S HOTEL, D. C.

Dear Weekly:

I called upon the President to-day, and had a very interesting and instructive talk with him on the state of the country at large, and I am satisfied, since my conversation with him, that we know very little of his composition, as his vetoes and his other literary productions are not as good as he can do in that line.

I thought I would not call upon him at a public hour, but go early and secure a good seat. I accordingly rang the front-door bell at half past seven in the morning. An intelligent freedman came to the door. Said I, "Is your MOSES in?" "Who, Sar?" said the intelligent freedman. "Mr. JOHNSON," I said this time, as I saw the freedman was not intelligent enough to appreciate my little sarcasm. "Yes, Sar; but he just a-shavin, Sar." Said I, "All right; then I'll see him, if you please." "He don't see any body now, Sar; he not hab his breakfast yet, Sar!" "Tell him," said I, with an air of BRUTUS to this CÆSAR—"tell him I am a newspaper correspondent, and I want to have a talk with him, and to ask him some questions"—at the same time handing him a card that an acquaintance had procured for me, reading thus:

[COMPLIMENTARY.]

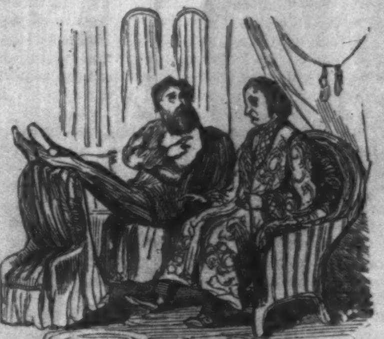
Admit the Bearer and his Friends.

T. B. Florence.

Soon the freedman returned and asked me up into the Sky Blue Room. As I entered the President laid down his razor, but still holding the brush, advanced, and gave me his hand. After an exchange of courtesies, said he: "I see you don't shave, or I would ask you to shave with me; you will therefore excuse me a minute. In the mean time you may look over some of my vetoes on late bills proposed in Congress, that I have not yet sent in, as the bills have not yet passed."

I sat down in a rocking-chair and turned over a few vetoes, when the President turned to me, and asked me what was the name of my paper. I told him I was not an editor—merely a correspondent; that I was the "Correspondent On-the-Wing" for *Harper's Weekly.* "Ah!" said the President, "those New York papers spend a great deal of money, and would do very well if they would only leave politics alone." I replied that our paper was not a partisan paper, though it had opinions on politics. "Yes," said the President, "I do not so much allude to your paper, as I appreciate it very much, and buy a copy every week; but I allude more particularly to the New York *Tribune.*" He asked me if I ever saw that paper. I told him I heard there was such a paper, but that I had never seen it. He said he had never seen it either. He thought the Philadelphia *Age* the most enterprising paper published in the country; and that he always consulted that paper for his opinions on Congressional doings. He also said he thought the New York *Citizen* was a good comic paper. I was quite surprised at the President's sound and acute criticism on the public press.

The President was by this time through his shaving, which had been somewhat delayed by our conversation, and turning to me asked me if I had had my "eye-opener" yet? I told him I had, about an hour ago; at which remark he turned his back to me and "smiled." Closing the side-board door he took a seat beside me. "Now," said he,

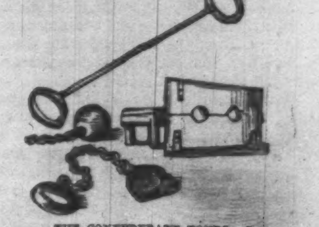


"ASK ME SOME OF YOUR HARDEST QUESTIONS."

"Well," said I, "what do you think of 'Sherman's Bill'?"

"I hate all Bills. When I was first attacked with Bills I was a small merchant in the tailoring way, and have risen, I might say, like the *goose from its ashes,* from that to what you see me, and since I have been here I have been haunted day and night with Upholsterers' Bills, Civil Rights Bills, Freedmen's Bills, and," added he, "since I know you like a joke, BILL KELLEY."

Said I, "Does your Excellency read the 'Winglets' in our paper?" "Oh yes! It is the only thing in your paper I do read; but," continued he, laying his vetoing hand on my shoulder, "young man, keep out of politics: you see to what it has brought me, and I notice with alarm a disposition on the part of young people to form political opinions. My advice is, that we all go to work: our brethern and sistern in the South are now starving on account of the political opinions of the North, and though General LEE has a couple of roosters promised him, they will not maintain him long, even if stewed; and to-day there are hundreds of families calling for chickens, and getting nothing but pork and hard-tack, which is not fare compared to fowl.

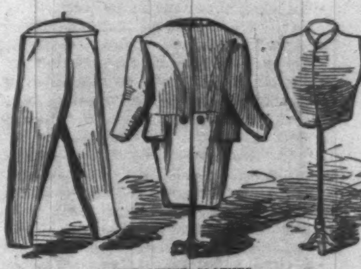


THE CONFEDERATE BONDS

are now repudiated, and the people are without money or Congressmen. If they could only vote and have elections as they used to do, they would not care so much about things to eat; but a chivalrous people like the South are not expected to go to work to raise wheat, corn, or bacon with their election privileges curtailed, for we know that the chief incentive to wealth and position in the South is to be sent to Congress. I was an Alderman, a State Representative, a Governor, a Congressman, a Vice-President, and now a President—there is nothing left for me, I don't plead for myself; but there are many in the South that have never yet been Aldermen, and I think of them, and this Military Reconstruction bill makes not only Aldermen but Governors unnecessary, and a Congressman is out of the question. We can not expect the South to submit to its administration."

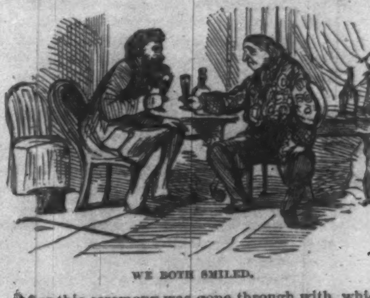
"Well," said I, seeing the President had exhausted himself on that subject, "what do you think of BEN BUTLER?"

"Ah!" said he, "you have me this time—BUTLER is one of those fellows that I never allow myself to think of." Here the President laughed, and asked me what I thought of Mr. MORRISSEY. I said, your Excellency will understand that I am to do the questioning; and, furthermore, I would not like to commit myself, as I purposed publishing this interview, if he had no objections. He said he had none; but that he would like to be represented in



HIS OTHER CLOTHES,

as he generally dressed in plain black, coat of swallow-tail pattern. "Indeed," continued he, "to crack a joke, I consider a 'swallow' a great invention." At this remark



WE BOTH SMILED.

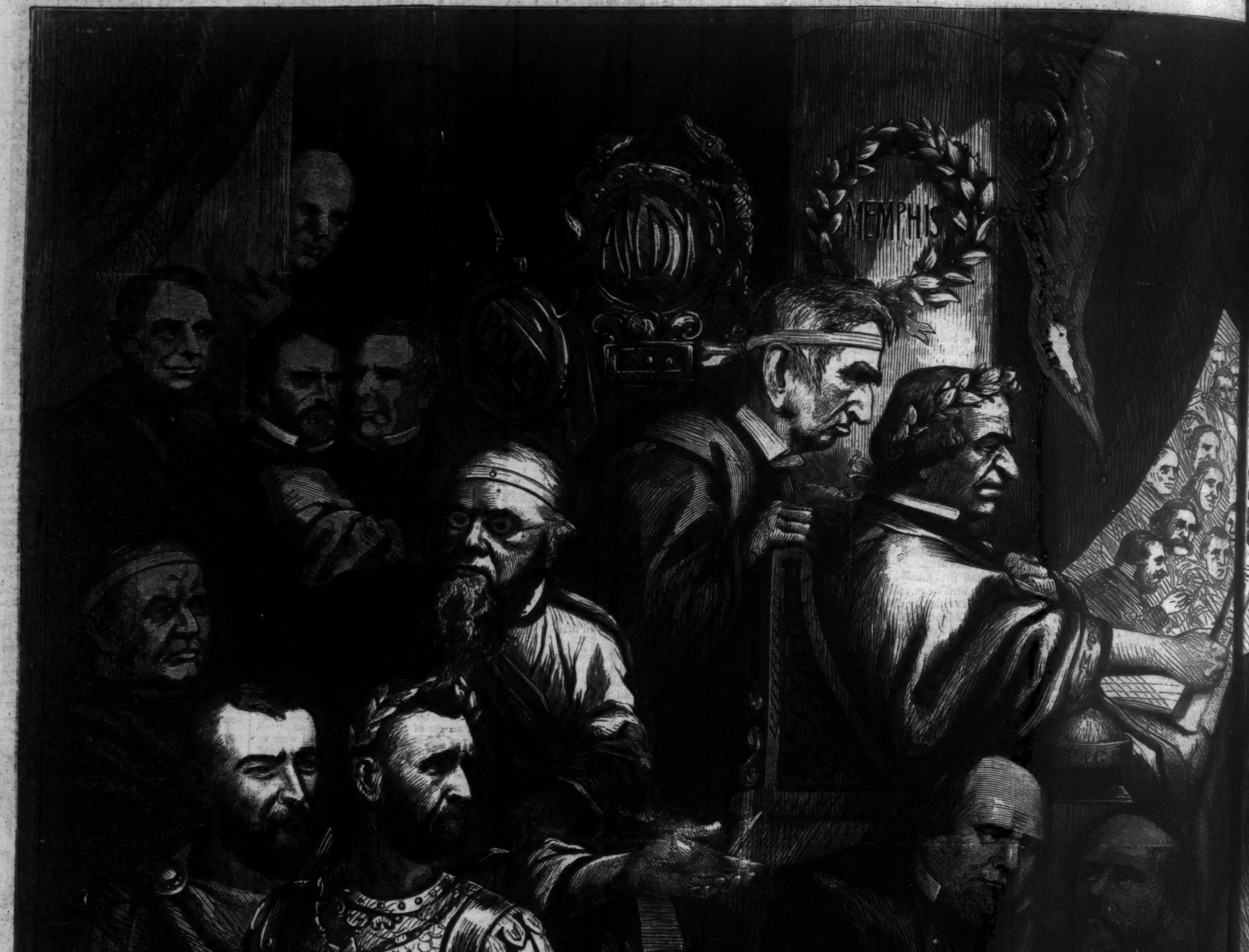
After this ceremony was gone through with, which the President, I observed, did with great punctiliousness, we rambled off into a less dignified style of conversation, and with a greater freedom and ease in the discussion of the prominent topics of the day. Said he: "Do you think MORRISSEY a better man than HEENAN? And what do you think of the Government giving a million of dollars to the poor Southerners?" I said I thought he was, and that the people in the South who have money ought to do something for their own poor, and not spend tens of thousands in establishing professorships in colleges, and voting twenty thousands to hire lawyers for JEFF's trial. He said he did not think so; he thought he was an overrated man, but that before the adjournment of this present Congress he would like to see some of MORRISSEY's powers exercised on the Radicals: and since FERNANDO had opposed the million-dollar feed he had prepared a veto for the bill, though before that he was disposed to think well of it, although he did not think a chivalrous people like the South would take a million dollars from the present Congress.

At this juncture the breakfast-bell rang, and the President, with his usual punctuality, rose and asked me if I would go down and take a cup of coffee. I excused myself, saying that I was paying four dollars a day board at my hotel, and could not conscientiously lose a meal under such circumstances. We parted at the foot of the stairs. He bid me good-morning, and requested me to tell the Messrs. HARPER that, if they published this interview, not to make any pictures with it—that, as a general thing, he did not like the *cuts* that appear in the papers.

This is the substance of my conversation with the President, as near as I can remember; and I should say that, after a careful consideration, I think he is a man whose fighting weight is about one hundred and forty pounds, middle height, and wears no whiskers and No. 10 boots, though he had none on at the time of my interview, as he prefers slippers, although he told me that he had a decided aversion to *pumps.*

I think if more was known of the President people would have a different opinion of him, as well as of

Your own C. O. W.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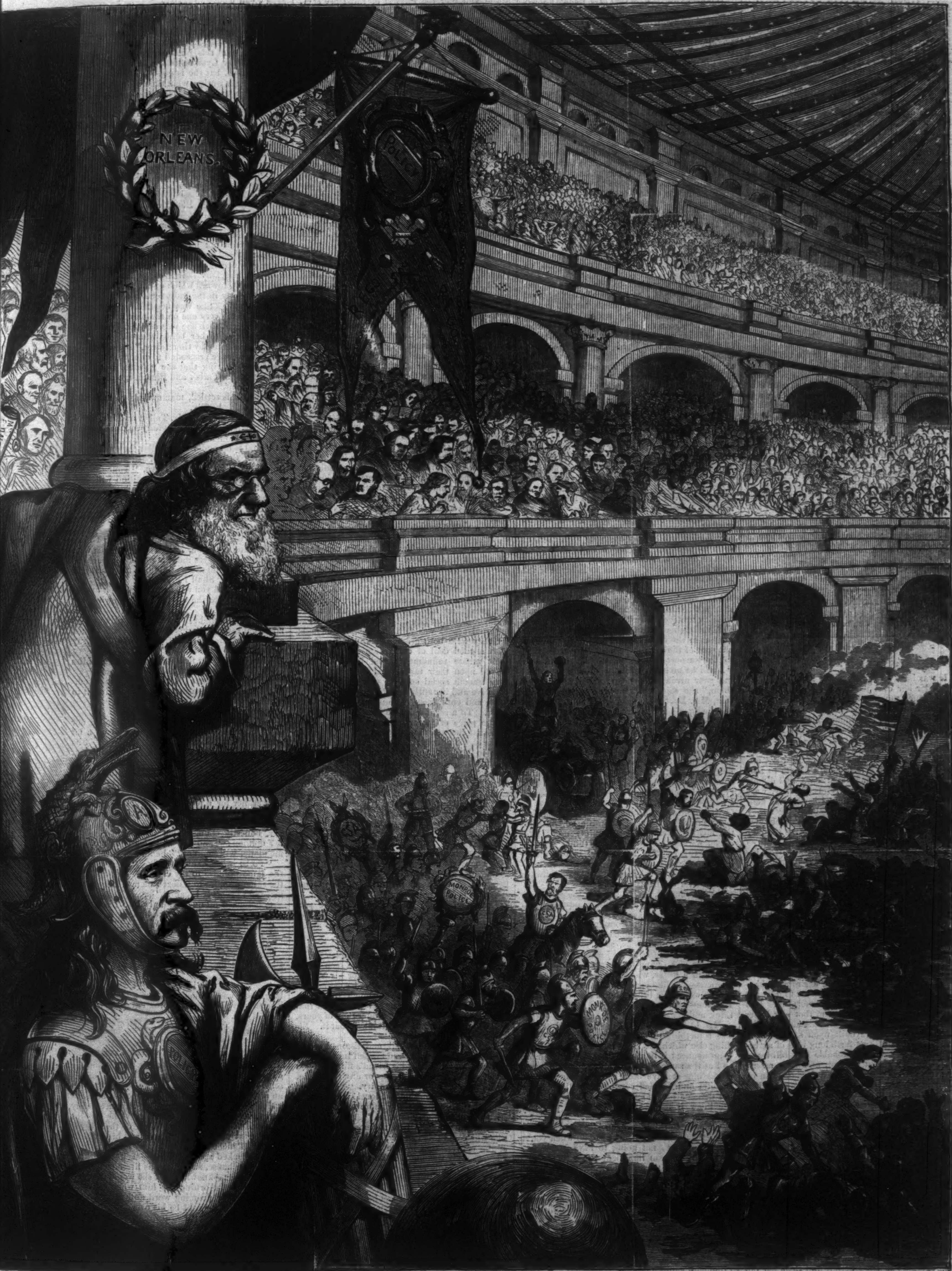
NEW ORLEANS
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THE INNOCENTS AT NEW ORLEANS, July 30, 1866.

THE NEW ORLEANS MASSACRE.

THE Committee of Congress appointed to investigate the riot in New Orleans on July 30, 1866, have lately presented a report, giving a full history of the tragedy. It is shown by that record that the riotous attack upon the Republican Convention, with its terrible results of massacre and murder, was planned and executed by the Mayor of New Orleans, and that it had the countenance of President JOHNSON, without which it would never have taken place. The report shows that the number known to have been killed was 38, of whom 37 were loyal, and one disloyal; 48, all loyal, were severely wounded; 98 slightly wounded, of whom 88 were loyal, and 10 policemen. Besides these there was evidence, though not fully certain, that 10 more were killed and 20 wounded. Of those known to be killed 34 were colored, of the severely wounded 40, of the slightly wounded 79. Preparations for the massacre were made under the shield of the municipal authorities for some time before it took place. Fire-companies prepared and armed themselves; the police were withdrawn from their posts, supplied with revolvers, and kept waiting at their station-houses until the signal for the butchery was given, and then rushed to the bloody work with a raging mob of rebel soldiers. The Mayor made no effort to stop the disorder, and the military commander was misled as to the hour of the meeting, so that he could not bring up his troops in time to repress the outrages.

The spirit which dictated this terrible massacre of the Unionists of New Orleans "will not down," but continues to inspire such fury in the breasts of the returned rebels as leads them to desire and plan another similar slaughter. The rebel element in the State and city has dominated ever since the riot of July last, and its influence and insolence has so rapidly increased as to threaten a second performance of the same horrible character. An election, deemed a fitting occasion for such an exhibition, was to have been held in New Orleans on March 11 last. So determined were the returned rebels to provoke a second riot that General SHERIDAN was compelled, in order to secure quiet and give protection to the Unionists, to forbid the opening of the polls, and to order that "the day of election be postponed until a district commander under the new military law shall have been appointed." General SHERIDAN has since been appointed to this command, and the elections henceforth will be conducted by and under his direction.

PLAYING FOR HIGH STAKES.

By MISS ANNIE THOMAS,

Author of "Denis Donne," "Walter Goring," "Played Out," etc.

CHAPTER VII.

KIN AND KIND.

IT was hard on Miss Lyon to be compelled to surrender her own judgment on a matter that was of much moment to her; but, on the whole, it was expedient that she should do so, and, since she could raise no insurmountable barrier to the going, that she should go as amiably as might be in her mother's train to Mr. Talbot's house. Her sole aversion to the scheme, indeed, was to be found in the fact of her distrust of Mrs. Sutton, and knowledge of Mrs. Sutton's dislike to herself. Mr. Talbot's hopes and fears, and doubts and sentiments generally, respecting her, were so many sealed books to this girl, who was genuinely indifferent to him. Had she not been this, there would have been another disquieting element added to her state of mind on the subject.

When once Blanche had made up her mind as to the inevitability, or at any rate the advisability, of a course, she never paused to question the superior propriety there would have been in pursuing any other. If the path she had taken proved more miry, and the briers and thorns by the way-side more prickly than she had foreseen, she did not pause to lament these facts, and to speculate on the superior advantages possibly possessed by the roads she had not followed. She only trod more carefully, and more untiringly pressed back the obstructions, without ever halting to bewail what might have been.

In this special instance she had to make up her mind without delay, being desirous of having some definite opinion of her own to advance when she met her mother in the morning. Fell experience had taught Blanche that any hopes of a calm and well-balanced discussion of a plan with Mrs. Lyon were built upon sand. Mrs. Lyon would fluently set forth long rolls of agreeable and extremely improbable possibilities—would hopefully first suggest, and then assert, and then proceed to presage a further train of fortunate events in the freshest manner. But the lightest hint to the effect that her eloquence, praiseworthy as it was in itself, had the slight drawback of being founded upon slippery and untenable grounds, was sufficient to change the joy strain into a dirge, the pæan that celebrated her hopes into a piteous protest against the fate that was always less bright than she had anticipated its being five minutes before; and the daughter, who was stoutly opposed to abiding alternately in a glittering palace of hope and a gloomy cavern of despair.

"It will be useless to talk it over with mamma," Blanche Lyon thought; "I shall never glean from her whether it will be well for me to fall in with her plans or to oppose them." So, in default of another, she talked it over with herself, and came to the conclusion that, since she could propose nothing better, and since her objections to the plan were, after all, of a puerile, personal nature, that she would agree, and make the best of it.

It must be understood that Mrs. Lyon's knowledge of the world into which she had undertaken to introduce Beatrix Talbot was of the scantiest order; that her instincts were not those keen, bright ones which save their possessors from the thousand snares laid on all sides for them in social life; that she had never been known to do the best thing by intuition; and that all these facts were painfully patent to her child. Still Blanche felt that it behooved her to be passive, and she resolved that, as she had to bow to the inevitable, she would do it becomingly.

In her own inefficient way Mrs. Lyon had armed herself for a sort of contest by breakfast time, the morning after Blanche's return. She had charged her memory with countless precedents that bore a pale resemblance to the case, and she had come to a comprehension of the propriety of keeping silence about her fondest, proudest hope in the affair. As in a glass, darkly, she saw that Edgar Talbot had that feeling which different women call by a different name for her daughter; and with greater clearness of vision she saw that, if her daughter suspected this, or even suspected that she (Mrs. Lyon) suspected it, the end would come quickly, and would be unsatisfactory to herself, and suicidal on Blanche's part.

At times it was given to this mother to have a mother's insight into her child's feelings, and this chanced to be one of these fine and rarely-occurring occasions. By reason of the little thought she gave to him, Blanche Lyon had no fear of being accused of "following him up," or of "throwing herself in his way," or, in fact, of doing any of the delicate tactics with the commission of which women are so apt to charge one another. The epidemic love had never shown itself in his case in any of the signs with which Blanche was familiar. He had been kind and considerate in a gentlemanly, distant way, that made no impression whatever on a girl whose father had theoretically impressed her with the belief that all men would be (or ought to be) these things to her, or to any other well-born beauty. And this truth got borne in upon Mrs. Lyon's mind some way or other, and was a very shield and buckler to her when the matter was mooted by Blanche, who, in accordance with her plan of putting the fairest face on what must be, asked:

"When are you thinking of going to Mr. Talbot's, mamma?"

"Well, it will be very desirable to go there as soon as possible, Blanche," Mrs. Lyon replied, with an important earnestness that would have been infinitely more amusing to Blanche if the lady who displayed it had not been her own mother. "As soon as possible; for poor Miss Talbot is quite alone—no one to see after her. I shall not be able to reconcile it to my conscience to delay unnecessarily."

Blanche checked a laugh, and hazarded a few guesses in the depths of her soul as to the present state of the one to whom Mrs. Lyon designed to play the part of guide, philosopher, and friend. "I will be no hindrance to you, mamma. Tell me your arrangements, and I will fall in with them," she said, quickly; and when she said that, Mrs. Lyon felt a little disappointed, in that she had put on such trusty armor for nothing, and proceeded to raise a little cloud of obstacles to a departure.

"It is utterly impossible that I can get away from here at a day's notice," she began, in a gentle, injured tone. "They are not like low lodgings—most respectable, and I will say most comfortable. I can not leave them all in a hurry, as if I thought them—as if they were—as if I had—"

"Certainly not," Blanche interrupted, as Mrs. Lyon floundered hopelessly into a labyrinth of the mistiest meanings—"certainly not. The longer we stay here the better, I think."

"There it is," Mrs. Lyon struck in, querulously; "you're just like your father, Blanche—never satisfied with what I do, though I always try to do for the best."

"Well, mother, shall I say that the sooner we go the better?" Blanche replied, good-temperedly.

"Ah! there you go from one extreme to the other," Mrs. Lyon resumed, looking round at the walls and fire-irons, as if she would ask them to bear witness to the justice and truth of what she was saying—"always wanting to do things in a hurry, without weighing the consequences—just like your poor dear father. 'The sooner we go the better.' It's easy to say that, Blanche—very easy to say it; but I have to think and consider—and reflect."

Mrs. Lyon pronounced the last word as if it was something that differed widely from every thing else which she had declared she had to do—pronounced it in a tone of suffering triumph, and at the same time with a conclusive air that might almost have been the offspring of deep thought and decided conviction. Blanche was not deluded into supposing it to be this though, she knew it intimately. Mrs. Lyon presently went on:

"I have to think and consider and reflect, as I hope you will have learned to do when you're my age. I am not going to have Mr. Talbot suppose that I am impatient to go there; and I am not going till I am perfectly prepared and can go there comfortably. You eat nothing, Blanche; what is the matter?"

"Nothing," Blanche replied. The matter was, that she was doubting her own capability not only of being a passive witness "of all this," as she phrased it, but of seeing others see it too; doubting her own capability of suffering this, and determining that if Miss Talbot proved in the slightest degree to be like Mrs. Sutton she (Blanche) could not stand it.

A few days after this the test commenced. Mrs. and Miss Lyon at Mr. and Miss Talbot's earnest request took up their abode in Victoria Street, and now the interest of this story commences in the meeting of Blanche and Beatrix—the two women who were born to cross each other's paths, to pain and injure one another—to whose introduction to each other all that has been written has been but a preliminary strain.

Mrs. Sutton had blandly volunteered to come herself and to bring her husband and Lionel to spend the first evening, and obviate any thing like awkwardness. She had made the offer to Beatrix in a sweet considerate way, that won Beatrix's immediate acceptance of it. Miss Talbot had her reward when the time arrived, and with it Mrs. Sutton, for Mr. Bathurst accompanied them, and Mr. Bathurst had in the course of a few meetings recommended himself largely to Trixy. The one drawback she permitted herself to feel to the pleasure of his society on this occasion was, that Edgar was palpably a touch less than pleased to see Frank Bathurst. Trixy would not permit herself to search for a reason for this almost imperceptible shade of difference; indeed, she resolutely looked away from it when it obtruded itself upon her notice. Mrs. Sutton was less scrupulous.

"Let us hope that the kinship is a well-established fact, for they certainly seem more than kind to each other," she whispered to Beatrix, while Frank Bathurst was pouring out a plaintive, low-toned reproach to Miss Lyon for not having replied to his advances toward a good understanding long ago. And Beatrix replied:

"And why should they not be more than kind, Marian? I know of no reason;" and ached to know that there was no reason, so far as she was herself concerned, and checked a little sigh at the speedy seeming defalcation of this man whom she had only known the other day, and tried to think "what a well-matched pair they would be," and could not heartily approve them nevertheless.

They were a very handsome, bright pair—a pair that took to each other joyously and suddenly, causing Mrs. Lyon to undergo most wonderful transitions of feeling as she marked them. Mr. Talbot became a mere nothing in her estimation, and Frank Bathurst stood revealed at once as the fitting and proper man, foredoomed by nature and old Mr. Lyon to marry her daughter. She almost deported herself haughtily to the Talbots under the influence of this conviction, and judiciously murmured her belief in its being a well-founded one into Trixy Talbot's ear.

So it came to pass that more than one heart ached and beat high and painfully beneath Edgar Talbot's roof that night, after they had separated on the agreement of all meeting at Frank Bathurst's studio the following day.

No attempt has been made to depict what were the prevailing sensations of Miss Talbot and Blanche Lyon on this their first meeting. The external aspect was fair and pleasant enough, for they were both gracious-mannered women, with a good deal of cultivation superadded to their innate refinement; and it would have jarred upon their tastes to show other than a very smooth social surface. But they did not conceive and instantly develop a devoted attachment and enthusiastic admiration for one another. To a certain degree Beatrix Talbot was in the place of power, and the half-consciousness that she was this may have been the cause of the shade of restraint which made itself manifest in her demeanor two or three times—a shade which she strove to dispel quickly in her sunniest way, but which remained long enough for Mrs. Sutton to remark it, and to fathom the cause of it to a certain extent.

"There is something very incongruous between Miss Lyon's position and her cousin; to which do you think her best adapted?" the married sister kindly asked Beatrix; and Beatrix replied:

"I won't indulge in vague speculations about her;" and then immediately added, "there is something incongruous in Mr. Bathurst's cousin being about in the world in this way; it must strike them both painfully."

"No, pleasurably rather; he is at once patronizing and adoring, lord and lover—King Cophetua on a small scale—and a gratified artist. Poor Trixy! your reign is over."

"It never commenced."

"Indeed it did, and was not altogether inglorious; traces of your rule are to be seen in his studio; he has sketched you in for his Venus, and I don't think Miss Lyon will succeed you there, for he would have so much trouble in idealizing her nose into proper proportion that he would weary of that type sooner than of yours. We will ask Lionel what he thinks about it. Lionel!"

Lionel came at her call, and listened to her remarks, and then declared himself incapable of throwing any light on his friend's final election either in the matter of Venus or any thing else. In reply to Mrs. Sutton's inquiry, "Should you say he is a marrying man, Lionel?" Lionel answered, "No, indeed; any more than I should say he is not a marrying man."

"Should you like him to marry Beatrix?" She whispered this eagerly, cutting Beatrix out of the conversation by the low tone she used. Lionel's reply was made in an equally low tone.

"No, certainly not."

"Then you know something about him—something against him?"

"About him, yes; against him, not a breath."

"If he does not marry Trixy he will that Miss Lyon, mark my words."

Lionel turned his head and looked at the pair mentioned. "That would be better far," he said.

"Why so? you do know something against him, Lionel?"

"I only know that he has the germs of inconstancy in him; the latest thing is apt to be the best in his eyes. If the shadow of a change fell, Miss Lyon would either arrest it or be entirely uninfluenced by it. I am not so sure of Beatrix."

"Then you'll all come to our studio to-morrow?" Mr. Bathurst exclaimed, interrupting the conversation at this juncture by coming up to them. "Miss Lyon refuses to be considered an art enthusiast, but she is good enough to be interested in my works; what time will you come?"

"Shall it be two?" Mrs. Sutton suggested.

"It shall be two, and it shall be luncheon," Mr. Bathurst replied. And then Blanche joined them, and recommenced the old game of self-assertion, which she had played down at the Grange against Mrs. Sutton, by saying:

"Until I know whether or not the plan suits my mother I can say nothing."

"Nor I, of course," Beatrix put in, hurriedly.

"You can go with me," Mrs. Sutton said, with a well-marked emphasis on the "you," which completely excluded Blanche from the proposed arrangement.

"Thanks; but Mrs. Lyon will order my goings now, Marian," Trixy replied, with a humility she would not have expressed if her sister had not offered a slight to Blanche. Then Mrs. Lyon rejoined them with some knitting which had been specially designed for this evening's employment, toward which end it had been carefully put away in the most remote corner of her largest trunk. She was acquiescent and anxious to oblige every one on the plan being mooted to her, and then she was assailed by saddening doubts as to her being wanted. "Young people liked being by themselves," she observed; and then at once proceeded to qualify that statement by declaring that she "should not think of letting Miss Talbot and Blanche go alone, not for a moment."

"Then it is settled, mamma, we go at two?" Blanche said, hastily.

"If that hour suits Mr. Talbot and Mr. Bathurst." Mrs. Lyon was painfully anxious to propitiate every one.

"That is all understood," Blanche explained; and then they parted: Mrs. Sutton whispering to her sister as she took leave, "Your duenna is a delightful person; your position will be a touch less ridiculous than her daughter's—there is consolation in that."

"Thanks for offering it," Trixy replied, wearily. Then she had to give her hand to Mr. Bathurst.

"You will see to-morrow what cause I have to be grateful to you, Miss Talbot," he said, as her great violet eyes met his rather reproachfully; and she could think of nothing more brilliant to reply than "Shall I indeed?"

"Yes, indeed you will; and I owe you another debt: you are the cause of my knowing my cousin at last."

"Ah! good-night!" Trixy evidently wanted no verbal reward for this good deed; she turned away almost impatiently from his thanks to say "good-by" to her brother.

Presently, for the first time that evening, Miss Lyon found herself near to Lionel Talbot.

"May we see your picture, too?" she asked.

"I shall have great pleasure in showing it to you."

She laughed and shook her head.

"No, no—neither pleasure nor reluctance, nor any other active feeling. You won't care a bit what we think—and you will be so right." She dropped her voice suddenly in uttering the last words; they fell upon his ears alone.

He felt that he could not conscientiously say that he should be very much interested as to what they thought of his work; therefore he did not answer her for a few moments. During those few moments a slight transition took place in his mind respecting his interlocutor, and so he told her, honestly enough, that he should care for her opinion: "and you will give it to me, and me alone, will you not?" he added, earnestly.

"So be it," she said, lightly. "I have given the same promise to my cousin. I should give the same promise to a dozen men, if they asked me—and probably break it."

She looked up questioningly into his face as she put the probability before him.

"As far as I am concerned you will keep it?"

"I think I shall."

"I know you will."

"And you will not care whether I do or not. Praise or blame, it's all alike to you, Mr. Bathurst says."

"And as a rule he is right," Lionel replied, laughing; and Blanche felt for a moment that it would be pleasant to be the exceptionally regarded one.

CHAPTER VIII.

"WHAT ARE THE WILD WAVES SAYING?"

MR. TALBOT had been feeling too profoundly dissatisfied with himself and the result of his schemes for his sister's social well-being to take an active part in the drawing-room entertainment which has just been sketched. Absence really had made his heart grow fonder. The months that had elapsed since that time of their being together at the Grange had ripened his admiration for Blanche Lyon into love. From the moment he looked upon her again—seeing her there in his own house, sitting by his fireside as if she were at home—knowing that she would be there to say "good-morning" to him when he went out, that her welcoming word and smile would be a thing that might be his every night, when he came back wearied with the burden and heat of the day—the moment he saw her again and realized all this he determined to win her if he could. No consideration of fortune should stay him. He would just wait for some one of his many important ventures to come to a successful issue, and then he would marry Miss Lyon, if she would have him.

Six months ago he would not have inserted this clause in his mental declaration of intentions. But now the doubt sprang into strong and lusty being, and would not be banished as a mere creature of his disordered imagination. Six months ago he had very naturally thought of Miss Lyon as a girl living in deep and rarely broken seclusion, as an intellectual creature who would unavoidably contrast him favorably with other breakers of the same. Insensibly he had presumed on the position, and had brought all his energies to bear upon the solution of the problem of how he should gratify himself with her society, and at the same time keep himself free from all suspicion of having any intentions whatever. He had played his cards well; but he began to fear that he had played them for other people, when Frank Bathurst came in Mrs. Sutton's wake, and, on the unassailable plea of consanguinity, monopolized Blanche's attention—attention which she gave with a winning gladness that planted thorns in the pillow of the man who knew that his reputation as a grave business man had prevented his getting as near to her during long days spent together as this gay stranger had managed to get in an hour by aid of a certain calm audacity that sat upon him gracefully enough. He compelled himself to allow that it was natural, fitting, and well that Blanche should be fascinated from him by a man so much brighter than himself; yet, withal, he could not quite free her from the charge of ingratitude which his sore heart brought against her. It was grievous to him that his love should have been the direct cause of her meeting with her cousin. And now his love was nothing to her, and her cousin would be every thing.

So he told himself as he sat sulkily behind a magazine watching them, and being injured by them in every tone they used and every glance they gave. In his jealous injustice he would neither be quite one of them, nor would he quite set himself apart from them. It was not the least painful prick that he got that night when he saw that they were unfeignedly blind to his being, or having cause to be, injured. It was almost a relief to him to blame Marian for having brought Mr. Bathurst to his house; a relief he sought to the full by censuring Mrs. Sutton to her husband, who did care for it, instead of to herself, who would not have done so. "We have only Lionel's word for his being a decent fellow," he said, severely, to Mark Sutton; "and here is Marian taking him into the bosom of the family without hesitation. If I were you I would check it."

"He is related to the Lyons," Mark Sutton said, by way of extenuating Marian's last offense.

"A relation they have shunned until now, when he is thrust upon them in my house by my sister. Marian will do as she likes as long as you will let her; but I shall tell Lionel that I can have no Bohemians here while Beatrix is with me."

"He has one of the finest properties in ——shire," Mr. Sutton replied. "You can't shut him out on the score you have stated. Beatrix couldn't do better—and you want her to marry well."

"Beatrix is much too sensible a girl to care for him."

"Perhaps you don't think the same of Miss Lyon?" Mr. Sutton asked, laughingly; but Edgar Talbot only looked moody by way of a reply; so Mark deemed it prudent to turn the subject; and soon after they had all separated, as has been told.

It will be easily understood that the plan of visiting the studio was a specially obnoxious one to Edgar Talbot. He was strongly moved once or twice to set his face against Beatrix's going, and, by so doing, putting an end to the arrangement. But he remembered that if he did this it would be usurping some of the authority over his sister which he had formerly vested in Mrs. Lyon. In his heart he called that lady a weak-minded, unreasoning, injudicious simpleton, for her ready acceptance of the invitation; and the full force of his own transparent folly in having given her the reins came flooding in upon his mind. But for the time, at least, he was bound to pluck what he had planted, bitterly as it pricked him. The authority he had vested in a foolish woman must be upheld by him for his own credit's sake, until Blanche married him or marred him by marrying some one else. He was quite resolved now nothing but her own will should stand between them. So, out of consideration for his own reputation of consistency, Edgar Talbot placed no obstruction in their path to the studio the following day. Nevertheless they did not reach it until an hour after the appointed time, divers unforeseen accidents and events having occurred to delay them.

In the first place, Mrs. Lyon had been smitten with a sudden doubt as to the perfect propriety of taking two young girls to see two young men. Had she made known this doubt to Edgar Talbot he would only too gladly have strengthened it into a decision against the trip. But one of those faint instincts with which Mrs. Lyon was endowed in place of reasoning powers saved her from doing the very thing that would have been most pleasing to the man she desired to please, and most distasteful to her daughter. She argued, sagaciously enough, that if she seemed to distrust herself and her own force of discrimination, that Mr. Talbot would very probably go and do likewise. On the other hand, she told herself that "two heads were better than one," and Blanche's being the only available head for the service Mrs. Lyon went and not exactly consulted her daughter, but grew conversational about the difficulty.

"One really hardly knows what to do, when there are so many to think about," Mrs. Lyon commenced, going into Blanche's room just as that young lady had finished arraying herself for the expedition. It was half past one, and within Miss Lyon's memory her mother had never achieved the easiest toilet in less than an hour.

Blanche looked round carelessly, and saw that Mrs. Lyon had not so much as untied her cap toward getting into her bonnet, also that she had a look of being what she herself termed "flustered."

"What is your difficulty, mother?"

"Why, I am not quite sure that I see the good of our going to Mr. Bathurst's house."

"It is almost a pity that you did not say so before," Blanche replied, quietly. "Miss Talbot is in the drawing-room, dressed, and waiting for you."

"There it is," Mrs. Lyon answered, triumphantly, looking round appealingly at the corner of the room as if she were requesting it to take notice of the manifold obstacles that impeded her progress through the world—"there it is! one never can do what one feels one ought to do when one has to think for so many people."

Blanche began moving some of the scent-bottles on the dressing-table. It was a habit of hers to give her hands abundant employment whenever Mrs. Lyon launched into the illustrative style of argument and spoke of herself as "one." She was always hard to follow on such occasions; she was specially hard to follow now.

"Don't let me add to your difficulties, mother," Blanche said, patiently, after a few moments' pause. Her heart—no, but her fancy—was very much set upon this visit to the studio. Still the game was not worth the candle.

"I think you might let me speak of them, Blanche, without going off at a tangent in that way." Mrs. Lyon used the tone of oppressed rectitude—a tone that is very hard to hear when the hearer knows very well that there is neither oppression nor rectitude in the case. The scent-bottles and one or two other trifles were moved with celerity now; and Blanche sought to check her rising anger by speculating as to whether she should ever seem a wearisome, unreasoning woman, and whether she should ever come to consider life insufficiently stocked with real trials, and so fall to the manufacture of sham ones for the stupefying of herself, and the saddening of others.

While Blanche pondered on these possibilities Mrs. Lyon lapsed from the loftily injured into the familiarly curious tone.

"I was going to say when you went off at a tangent" (this last, as will be seen, was a favorite form of expression of the worthy lady's, who affected it partly because she had heard her mother use it, partly because it had always irritated her husband, and chiefly because she was hopelessly in the dark as to any meaning it might possibly have), "I was going to say when you went off at a tangent in that way, Blanche, that I think Miss Talbot is a little too anxious to go and look at the pictures. Pictures, indeed! stuff and nonsense."

"Rather premature to describe them so before you have seen them."

"Which so? What?" Mrs. Lyon asked, lazily; and then, on Blanche curtly replying, "The pictures," Mrs. Lyon proceeded to set forth a lengthy statement as to how she had not meant them, and how if she had meant them, perhaps Blanche would find when she had arrived at her (Mrs. Lyon's) age that if she had done so it would not be any thing so very foolish and ridiculous as she was sorry and grieved to see Blanche (like her poor, dear father) chose to think every thing that did not fall in with her views. When the act of accusation was read down to this point Mrs. Lyon grew a little out of breath; and Blanche (feeling very hopeless about reaching the studio now) gently protested that, as she had not given voice to any particular views, there was a shade of injustice in her mother saying that she (Blanche) was deriding that which did not meet them.

"But there, I suppose I must go," Mrs. Lyon observed, irrelevantly, and with an air of martyrdom, when Blanche ceased speaking. The well-meaning but irritating-mannered woman was in reality pleased and feebly excited at the prospect of the little expedition, which partook of the nature of dissipation. She was pleased at the prospect; she would have been disappointed with the keen, fresh disappointment of inexperience if the plan had come to nothing. Yet, withal, she could not refrain from doubting and demurring about it, in the hope of giving it additional importance.

"There! I suppose I must go," she reiterated, as Blanche maintained the dead silence which is the sole safeguard such natures as hers have against domestic broils. Then Mrs. Lyon made a little business of untying her cap, and finally conveyed herself out of the room with almost a smile on her face, and with the proud conviction at her heart that she had deported herself as became the guiding star and responsible person of the Talbot household.

The girl she had left stood motionless for a few minutes, and then lifted her head suddenly, and looked at herself in the glass. "What am I, morally or mentally wanting, that I let that sort of thing goad me into this?" she asked, as she gazed at her crimson cheeks and angry eyes; "it's only a surface ill-humor, only a habit of querulousness, only the result of long years of anxiety, care, and disappointment on an originally mild, ductile nature; but it's detestable to me."

The storm broke as she uttered the words "detestable to me," and she shivered from head to foot with the force of her own fury. For a minute she leaned back against the bed-post, putting her hand up to the eyes that were blinded by the hot feeling which she would not suffer to well away in tears. There then came to her aid the reflection that this was a burden that must be borne; that it was in reality trifling ("I'd prefer a big woe for all that," she thought), and that, after all, other people endured worse things! So the crimson ebbed away from her cheeks, and the angry light faded from her eyes; and she was presently the brilliant, beautiful, light-hearted Miss Lyon once more, as she made her way to the drawing-room, inducting herself into a pair of silver-gray gloves as she walked.

Miss Talbot was sitting there, bonneted and cloaked, trying to read, and betraying, in the nervous start she gave and tried to cover as Blanche entered, a hardly-subdued impatience, and a consciousness of its not being well to feel the same, that told its own tale to her sister-woman.

"I thought—I hoped it was Mrs. Lyon," she began, putting her book down as she spoke; and Blanche saw, or fancied she saw, which comes to the same thing—that there was ever so little of the air of conscious superiority of place in the way Miss Talbot held her head up, and seemed to demand an explanation. For an instant she hesitated as to whether or not she should give it. Then—perhaps she sympathized with the impatience in some degree—she said:

"You must win your brother's forgiveness for mamma, Miss Talbot. The position is so new to her that she was overcome by a sense of her responsibility out of all sense of punctuality."

Beatrix was softened. "My brother Edgar would forgive her readily enough if Mrs. Lyon fought off going altogether, I believe," she said, laughing. Then a half desire to make a half confidante arose, and was checked, and rose again, and finally was softly encouraged forth by Blanche.

"I didn't mean that brother. Does not Mr. Talbot—I mean I don't think Mr. Talbot cares much for art, does he?"

Beatrix shook her head. "Not much. He said last night to me that he could exist till May without seeing the pictures, and should have thought I could do the same."

"He does not care much for art or for artists, does he?" Blanche continued.

"Our own brother Lionel is one, you know," Trixy said, as if it would have been the most natural thing in the world for Blanche to have forgotten that fact, though Lionel's picture was nominally one of the principal objects of the contemplated visit.

"Yes, I know," Miss Lyon answered, hurriedly; "but I thought—"

"Of course you could not think of Lionel as such an artist as Mr. Bathurst, your cousin," Trixy interrupted, in a tone that was meant to be apologetic for Lionel. Before Blanche could retort, "I should think not," Mrs. Lyon came in, and the two girls were saved from further misunderstanding—for the time.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

> "PATIENCE and resignation are the pillars
> Of human peace on earth."

So says the poet; and we would not deny the truth or beauty of such a blessed theory. But there *are* times—and not a few—when mind and body recoil from this placid view, and we catch the spirit of that other poet who exclaims:

> "But patience is the virtue of an ass,
> That trots beneath his burden and is quiet."

What is the use of striving to cultivate the grace of patience while your squeezed and jostled body forces its way through the boxes, bales, and barrels which encumber the sidewalks in the lower part of our city? With apparent impunity every conceivable kind of merchandise is stored and packed up on the sidewalk, and pedestrians can climb over the ungainly obstacles, or go out into the street, just as they prefer. An attempt to make a passage through Beekman Street, for example, is dangerously vexatious, and our citizens should have spirit enough to demand of the authorities that those who thus openly disregard the "right of way," should be called to an account.

A short time ago there was, in one of our daily newspapers, a pithy editorial, in regard to some recent geological discoveries in this city. We regret that our space will admit of but a brief quotation, but are glad to do what little we can to place this interesting matter before the scientific world:

> "The lovers of science will be interested in learning that there has recently been discovered under the tertiary formation in the lower part of Broadway a singular stratum of rock, which seems to be gneiss or very hard granite, and is evidently an artificial structure. It is laid in regular blocks, each one some six or eight inches square, and they are very closely joined, so as to resist heavy pressure. The upper surface of this singular formation is quite smooth, very likely from the friction of horses' or camels' hoofs and wheels of chariots or other vehicles of the olden time....... There is little reason to doubt that this remarkable artificial rock formation in Broadway may have been coeval with the Central American cities, the mounds of the Sciota Valley, or the Scandinavian inscription on Dighton Rock. But, whatever may be its age, the utilitarian spirit of the day has already fixed upon it, and it is currently reported that it is to be used as a substitute for the Russ pavement, which was lost some time after Whiting became contractor for cleaning the streets, and of which no vestige has been seen for more than half a year."

It is an interesting and suggestive fact that there has been recently issued a *Directory to Dogdom* in New York and vicinity. This Directory, including at least six hundred names, of course embraces only the *élite* of the canines; but it is a decided improvement on ordinary Directories, since, in addition to the usual statistics, it details various personal characteristics and peculiarities, and states what each individual is worth. For example:

"Mite" Willard, Pierrepont House; value $250. Smallest animal in America. Is carried in his master's pocket, and fights "Pharaoh's serpents" for amusement of the ladies.

"Bow-bow" Horton, Twentieth Street. A large mastiff, very fierce and very faithful. He has been known to seize an intruder by the leg, and, spite of all force and the bribe of the largest pieces of meat, to hold the stranger firmly till the morning.

"Gipsy" Hunt, Clark Street. A fine trick-slut, weighs about 11 pounds, and will sneeze at command, will lie as if dead, and perform a variety of interesting feats. This dog will never drink water except from a glass tumbler.

"Bow-bow" Leonards, Eighteenth Street. A fine Newfoundland, valued at $100. This dog is as strong as a man, and affectionate as a woman.

"Ki-ki" Worsham. Is trained to appear stupid, while in reality he is decidedly intelligent. He will follow a stranger, and seems to be easily enticed; but the moment he is touched by a strange hand his wits return. Worth $1500.

"Beauty" Henriques, Fourteenth Street. One of the handsomest black-and-tans in the city. Is a gem of its kind; $200 has been refused.

"Bow-bows" Beck, Bond Street. A pair of full-blooded Newfoundlands of extraordinary size. One thousand dollars has been refused for them.

The above will indicate some of the peculiar features of this novel document, which we commend to those who contemplate issuing a new City Directory for 1867. In connection with the above statistics it may be stated that regular dealers in dogs are accustomed to board the pets of private persons, and give them medical treatment when sick. The bills for the medical treatment of dogs often reach a high figure, $200 and upward being occasionally charged. Dogs are boarded at from $2 to $4 per day.

A horrid account of the result of certain microscopic investigations upon false hair is going through the press in various parts of the country. According to the authority of a Russian professor 76 per cent. of the false hair used for *chignons* and similar purposes in Russia is infested with a parasite to which he has given the name of gregarine. They are not easily destroyed. They resist the effects of drying, and even of boiling. In the conditions of a ball-room the gregarines are said to "revive, grow, and multiply by dividing into many parts—so-called germ-globules; these fly about the ball-room in millions." Whether this new chapter in natural history is true or not, it is certain that much of the hair used for *chignons* is supplied by the poor peasantry of Europe. One class who trade in hair are the Burlakes, near the Volga. Perhaps some of our readers may not know much about this people. One brief quotation will give all the information any one can desire: "When the Burlake goes out to work in the spring he perhaps puts a clean shirt on, but he decidedly never takes it off until he returns home in autumn." Room for parasites certainly.

Whether this waterfall sensation is based on fact or fiction it is to be hoped that it will have the much-to-be-desired effect of overthrowing the absurd deformities which are lodged, tumor-like, on the heads of so many ladies.

The Boston journals mention a singular case of precocious crime. A boy of seven years old has developed a striking aptitude for theft, having already been put in prison for it seven times. His last exploit was to put on a pair of rubber boots and steal behind the counter of a tobacco-dealer, where he rifled the money-drawer of $18, and would have escaped with it but for the click of the door-latch as he went out. When caught he stoutly denied the theft, and coolly offered to be searched. The money was found under the back of his calico jacket, where he had carefully pushed it.

There is *one* righteous man left. We do not know his name—nor just at this moment do we remember where he lives; only it is within the city limits, and the following incident is true. Not long since a lady, "hunting for houses," went to see a suit of rooms which had been advertised as "To Let." She was pleased with them, and at once said she would take them, when she learned from the wife of the owner that the first refusal of the rooms had been given to another person. "But," said the disappointed applicant, "I will give a hundred dollars more than you ask for them." The offer was refused. "But do you know you can easily get more than you ask for these rooms?" "Yes," was the reply, "I told my husband he might just as well ask more; but he said his conscience would not allow him to *take* any more." We should like a photograph of that man.

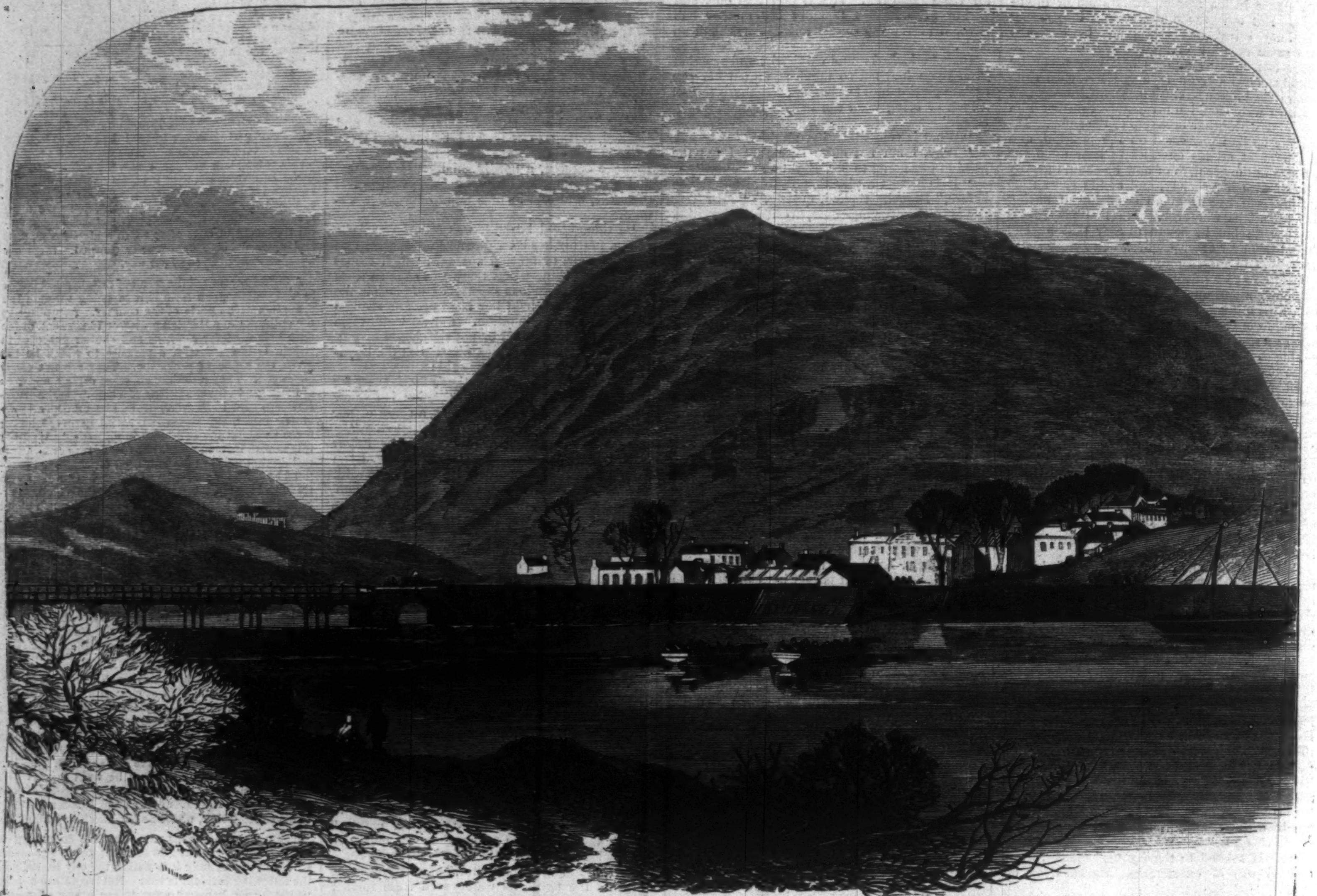
Integrity, also, still exists in the legal profession, rare as it is. The other day the presiding Justice of one of our local courts had an envelope thrust into his hand by a man who instantly disappeared. The envelope was afterward found to contain $100 in greenbacks. This little circumstance did not prevent a certain liquor dealer, who was brought into court to answer for a violation of the Excise Law, from being fined and sent to the Penitentiary according to law. And the confiscated money will doubtless be devoted to benevolent purposes.

A pretty good story is related in the Mobile *Advertiser*: At one of the colored churches, after the Sunday evening services, the minister announced that a collection would be taken up for missionary purposes. The "sasser" was accordingly sent around. When it came back to the pulpit the preacher proceeded to count the amount received, and among the fractional currency he discovered a ten-dollar Confederate bill. He looked at it for some time with evident disgust, and then took a calm look at his congregation over the top of his spectacles. Then, clapping the uncurrent bill upon the open Bible, with indignant emphasis he exclaimed: "Brederin, I put dis bill right dar on de Bible and let de Lord take care of dat man!"

If the law in New York took up matters with as much firmness as it does in Paris, some of our shop windows would hesitate to offer goods at the same rates they now do. Not long ago a lady in Paris, after gazing for some time at a window where was exhibited a beautiful dress for three hundred francs, entered the store, pointed out the piece, and laying down a note for three hundred francs on the counter, directed the clerk to wrap up the dress for her. With the most cheerful courtesy he brought her a box containing quite another affair. The lady insisted upon her first choice. The clerk declined. The proprietor was called. He urged many reasons: it would damage his window, the second piece was exactly the same, etc., etc. The lady referred her claim to a lawyer, who decided in her favor, and she bore off in triumph, for three hundred francs, a dress that was worth nearly fifteen hundred.

At this season doctors are looking for an increase of business; and as every trade must live, the following hints may suggest the readiest methods of gratifying the fraternity. Persons who are partial to rheumatism should wear thin boots, and be careful to keep them well soaked. A quick fever can be secured by leaving off over-coats. Neuralgic complaints are open to all who walk till they become heated, and then stop at the corner of a street and cool off by a genial chat. Coughs are free to all who will throw open their coats to catch the gentle south breeze. The ladies are such thorough experts we need only say that by abandoning their cloaks and rubbers they will reach a gruel diet by a short cut.

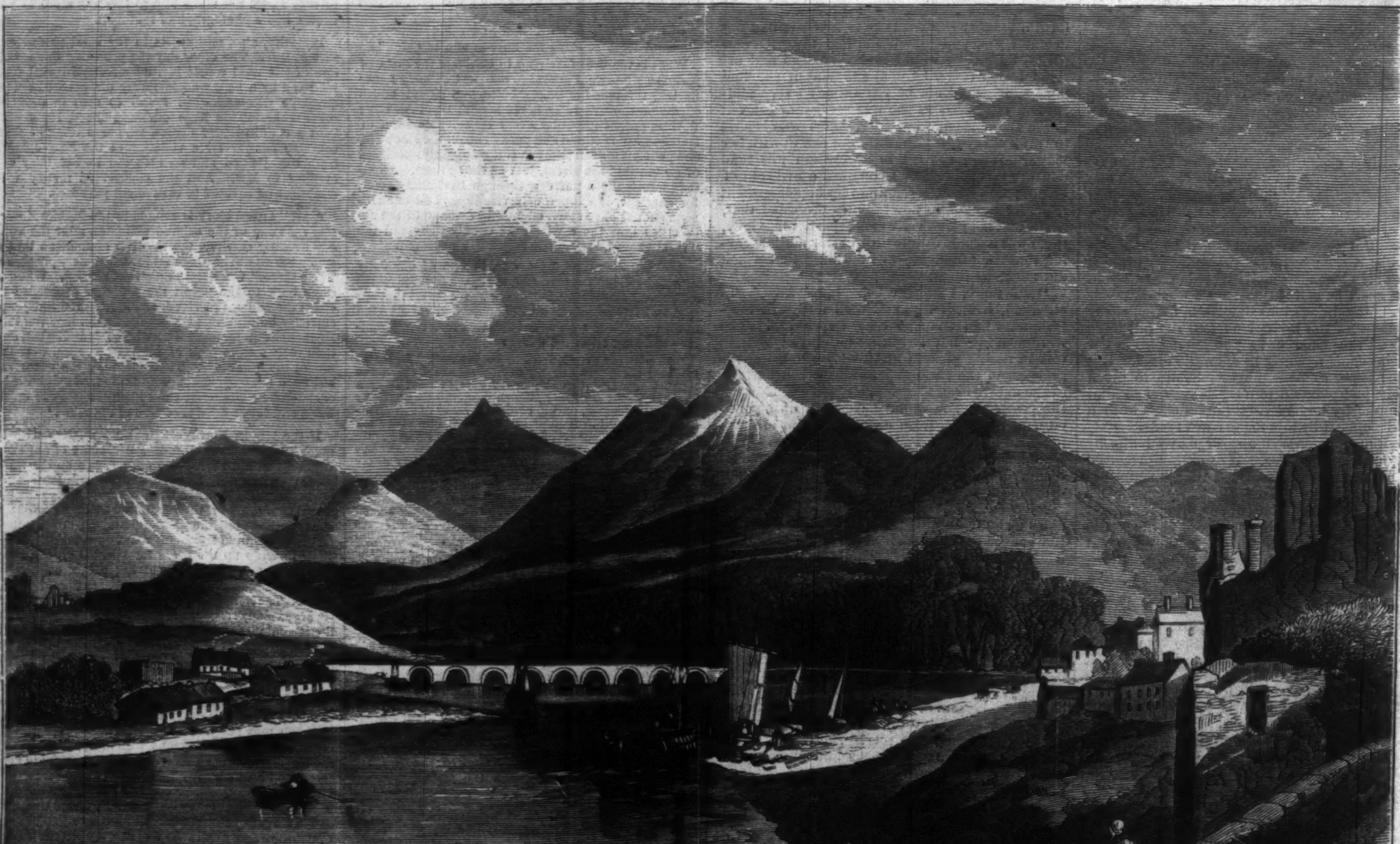
A Cleveland gentleman has kept a partial record of accidents from the use of kerosene lamps during the past two years. He says that nearly two hundred persons have been burned to death, and six million dollars of property destroyed.



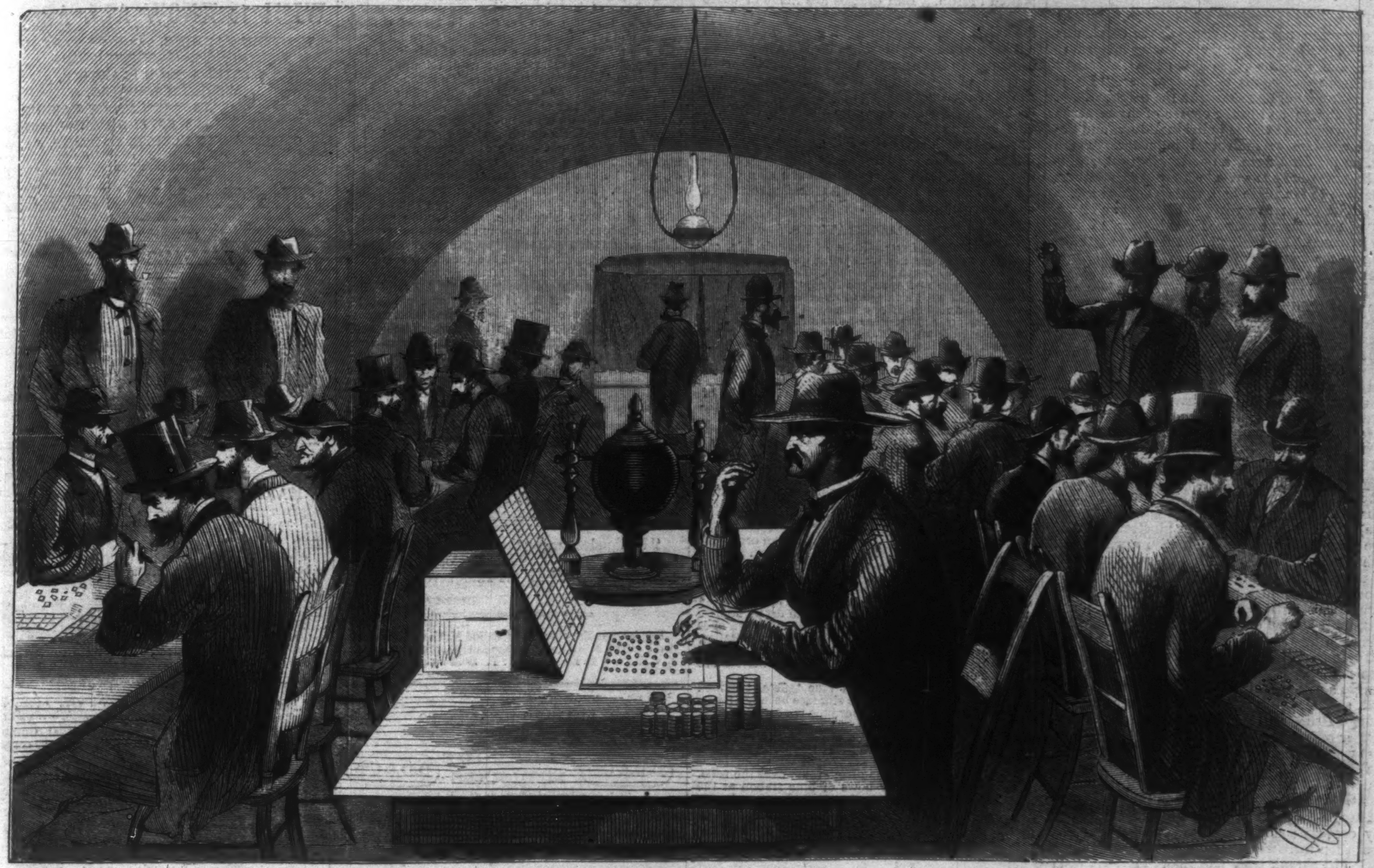
THE FENIAN INSURRECTION IN KERRY, IRELAND—THE TOWN OF CAHIRCIVEEN.

THE FENIAN UPRISING.

THE second Fenian war in Ireland appears, like the first, to have suddenly come to an untimely end, and all is reported "quiet on the Shannon" and in Kerry. The anticipated battle in Tipperary did not occur, and the bands who made the various attacks at Cork, Dublin, Drogheda, and Tallaght have disappeared, like the O'DONAGHUE, either into the lakes or into the stony bowels of the mountains, where the redcoats can not find them. The subject of the late efforts, however, retains its interest from the fact that other and more formidable uprisings by the "men in the gap" are confidently expected by the sympathizers in this country, and full and reliable accounts of the Kerry County and the late uprising are looked for with great interest. To satisfy in some measure this natural interest we give this week two sketches of Irish localities

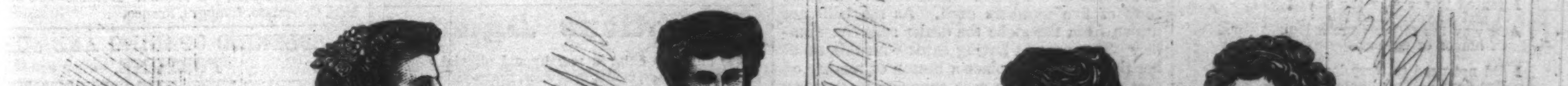


THE FENIAN INSURRECTION IN KERRY, IRELAND—THE TOWN OF KILLORGLIN, NEAR KILLARNEY.



THE GAME OF KENO.—SKETCHED BY THEODORE R. DAVIS.—[SEE PAGE 206.]

made interesting by the late uprising in Kerry County. The town of Cahirciveen, of which one of these illustrations is a view, is situated at the head of the harbor of Valentia, the eastern terminus of the Atlantic Cable. It is a town of about two thousand inhabitants, and "a market for some of the best butter in the world." The aspect of this place, backed by the majestic range of the Iveragh Mountains, is rather imposing till one gets into it, when the squalid meanness of the streets, with the bogs and bleak hills beyond the town, produce a contrary impression. We also present a view of Killorglin, near Killarney, at the mouth of the River Larne, which flows through the Lakes of Killarney into Dingle Bay. The deep inlets of the Atlantic in this part of the coast of Ireland afford great facilities for a hostile landing. The mouth of the Larne was a favorite base of operations with the Danes, "the nearest representatives," says a spiteful English paper, "of the Fenians." They built a fort (the rampart of which is shown in our view on the left of the bridge), and constructed vaults under it to hold stores, so that their countrymen, on landing, might not be destitute of provisions till able to furnish themselves at the expense and with the co-operation of the natives.



PARIS FASHIONS FOR MARCH, 1867.—[SEE PAGE 206.]

"FATHER! DON'T GO!"

THAT there is a sphere of influence possessed by every one, not even excepting the child, was affectingly illustrated in the following incident:

"Some years ago," said the late BENJAMIN ROTCH, in one of his telling speeches, "I was addressing a public meeting in the neighborhood of Aylesbury; and in the course of my remarks I endeavored to enforce individual duty, and the right exercise of individual influence. There sat, on the front form, a fine-looking but weather-beaten railway 'navvie,' who paid very earnest attention to me. He had, sitting on his knee, a little girl about five years old. By way of refuting the common excuse for indolence, 'I have no influence,' I remarked that the little girl sitting on the working-man's knee, in front of me, even she, had influence. The man, as if acting under some magic spell, jumped on his legs, put the child on the floor, and then striking his hand against his thigh exclaimed, 'That's true!' This singular interruption somewhat disconcerted me. The man, evidently embarrassed at what he had done, took his seat, reinstated his little girl on his knee, and again drank in the truths delivered to the meeting. As I was leaving the room this man was waiting at the door. I said to him, 'Now, my good man, tell me what induced you to conduct yourself in the way you did?' 'Some time ago,' said he, 'I was employed on the railway, and was in the habit of going every night to a beer-shop, from which I seldom returned sober. I had,' said he (with the big tear glistening in his eye), 'at that time a daughter nineteen years of age; she was a dutiful child, with a warm and affectionate heart. She used to come after me to the beer-shop, but she would never go inside, though I sometimes pressed her to do so. She would wait outside the door, in the cold and wet, until I came out that she might conduct me home. She was afraid, if left to myself, I might fall into some pit, or down some precipice, and lose my life. By this conduct, poor thing, she caught a severe cold. It turned to consumption, and she died. I felt her death very much, though I still went to the beer-shop; but somehow or other I never, after her death, liked to go that way alone, especially in the night; and for the sake of company, I used to take with me the little girl whom you saw sitting on my knee to-night. But one night,' he continued, 'I was walking along with the little girl, she holding by my coat-tail; and when we got very near the beer-shop there was a great noise within, and my little girl shrank back and said, "*Father, don't go!*" Vexed with her I took her up in my arms and proceeded; but just as I was entering the beer-house door I felt a scalding hot tear fall from her eyes. It went to my heart. I turned my back upon the public house. It is now twelve months ago, and I have never tasted drink since. I could not help getting up and doing as I did; but I hope, Sir, you will forgive me.'"

A father bore upon his arm
  A girl of tender years;
She shiver'd sadly with the cold,
  Her eyes were full of tears.

I paused to see why she should weep—
  A girl so young and fair—
And why her father wore a look
  Of horror or despair.

I did not need to tarry long
  Her tears to understand,
For on a gin-shop's half-shut door
  The father laid his hand.

Loud was the wintry wind without,
  Loud was the noise within;
But o'er them all I heard her words,
  "Oh! father, don't go in!"

He turned him sternly from the door
  And strode along the street,
Thanking his young deliverer
  With words and kisses sweet.

Strong were the few and gentle words
  The little girl did speak;
But stronger far the silent tear
  That trickled down her cheek!

THE SPRING FASHIONS.

THE distinctive features of the present mode may be summed up in a very brief space. The chapeau, which is still worn very small, is less extravagant in form, with a flower—generally a rose—and a few buds and leaves at the side. The chignon is worn much higher than formerly. Crinoline, where not discarded altogether, is very much reduced in circumference. The robe for the promenade continues to be worn short (and cut in points of one shape or another at the bottom of the skirt) over a jupon which reaches just to the ankle. The paletot, which usually matches the robe, is either loose and flowing or fitting close to the figure, with a band at the waist, and is generally shaped like the robe at the lower part into vandykes, curves, or leaf-shaped forms; occasionally it is en péplum, with a couple of points on each side, which, however, are never very long. The trimming consists chiefly of narrow fringe, guipure, or very narrow black lace, with ornaments formed of beads or simple braid. For evening dress the robe *à tablier* forms an elegant toilet for middle-aged ladies. It is made of gray silk, strewn all over with small gold-color flowers, or of white satin trimmed with flounces of white lace. It is worn with a chemisette of puffed tulle, with lace insertion, the corsage being made high at the back and covering the shoulders, and being hollowed out in front so that the points meet at the waist. The sleeves are long and open; the tulle under-sleeves, which are almost tight, being puffed, to match the chemisette. Other evening dresses are of taffeta; violet, mauve, or pearl-gray being the prevailing colors. They are made with trains, and have waistbands, the long ends of which are occasionally looped up. Upon the left shoulder a bow is worn, which is fastened with an *agrafe* of pearls. The chemisette will be of tulle or plaited muslin. Ball dresses are made of white crape, ornamented at times at the bottom with four biais of apple-green satin, each fastened with a rosette of fine white fringe, having a large glass ornament in the centre. Over this dress is worn a tunic of apple-green satin, trimmed with a similar fringe and with small white tassels. Other ball dresses are of white tarlatan, trimmed with green muslin and satin, or of tulle, striped or spotted with silver or gold, and having an under jupe of white satin. These dresses are generally puffed from the waist on each side of the seams, and are trimmed with beaded or plain cords or with gold fringe.

THE ILLUSTRATIONS.

Fig. 1. *Walking Dress.*—Robe of poult-de-soie, cut entirely on the biais, and trimmed at the bottom with a plaited flounce about 5 inches deep. The outer sleeves, which are large and open, are lined with white taffeta, and edged with a fringe of chenille covered with jet beads; a similar fringe arranged on the corsage forms a square bertha. The inner sleeves of the robe are made perfectly tight, and fit close to the wrist. Chapeau of black tulle, with a cluster of deep red carnations at the side; strings of ribbon edged with black lace, and closed together at the neck with a bow of carnation-colored velvet.

Fig. 2. *Walking Dress for a Young Lady.*—Robe of blue poplin, caught up all round and fastened with rosettes of blue velvet; jupon of blue and white plaid, notched into vandykes at the edge. Paletot of black cashmere, trimmed with black beads and fringed with chenille. Chapeau of blue velvet, with pendent white glass beads round the rim, and with strings of blue taffeta, edged with white lace.

Fig. 3. *Ball Dress.*—Robe of primrose-colored satin, with a ruche of white silk edged with blonde at the lower part; upper jupe of striped silk gauze, cut on the biais and edged with a galon of white lobe-shaped drops. It is fastened up on each side by an ornament composed of white beads. The bodice, which is made very low, is of primrose-colored satin, and is ornamented at the top with a deep border of puffed white gauze; the sleeves of the bodice are very short; but there are a second pair of sleeves to the robe made of striped gauze, and trimmed with white drops, similar to the upper jupe, which tie behind and fall down over the back. The coiffure is à la Princesse de Galles, and is fastened at the top of the head with a plain coral comb. The necklace, ear-rings, and bracelets are likewise of coral.

Fig. 4. *Ball Dress.*—Robe of blue taffeta, trimmed with a deep insertion of white silk lace between a narrow lace insertion. The upper jupe is of white crape, drawn up at the various seams with a narrow gold cord, at the bottom of which are bouquets of peach-blossoms intermingled with green leaves. The waistband is of blue ribbon, ornamented with four bows with long streamers falling from them over the robe. The bodice has smaller bows of blue ribbon at the shoulders, and a bouquet of peach-blossoms in the centre. The coiffure is formed of bandelettes of blue ribbon, with a bunch of peach-blossoms worn on the right side.

THE GAME OF KENO.

THIS game, which has of late attracted the attention of the police force in New York, is one of the most simple of the games of chance; in reality it is no more than the child's game of loto with some trivial changes to make it interesting. A hollow wooden globe, swung upon two pivots, contains a certain number of balls, each of which bears a number. Any number of players may engage in it at the same time, each player being possessed of a numbered card, for which he pays fifty cents or a dollar according to the size of the game. This card bears three rows of five numbers each. As the balls are drawn from the globe the dealer calls the number. The persons having cards with this number thereon at once place a button or marker on that number. Who ever succeeds in securing five of these marks in a row calls "keno," and receives the money paid for the different cards, minus ten per cent., which the keeper of the game retains.

MATCH-MAKERS.

THE clumsy match-maker is a scarcely less dangerous, though a far more respectable, enemy to the gentle craft than the coarse one. She makes it ridiculous, while the latter makes it odious, and it is ridicule that kills. She is perhaps a well-meaning woman, who would be sorry to marry two people unless she thought them suited to each other; but the moment she has made up her mind that they ought to marry, she sets to work with a vigor which, unless she has a very young man to deal with, is almost sure to spoil her plans. This would not be surprising in a silly woman; but it is odd that the more energetic, and, in some respects, the more able a woman is, the more likely sometimes she is to fall into this error. A woman may be the life and soul of a dozen societies, write admirable letters, get half her male relatives into Government offices, and yet be the laughing-stock of the neighborhood for the absurd way in which she goes husband-hunting for her daughters. The very energy and ability which fit her for other pursuits disqualify her for match-making. She is too impatient and too fond of action to adopt the purely passive expectant attitude, the masterly inactivity, which is here the great secret of success. She is always feeling that something should be said or done to help on the business, and prematurely scares the shy or suspicious bird. Many a promising love-affair has been nipped in the bud simply because the too eager mother has drawn public attention to it, before it was robust enough to face publicity, by throwing the two lovers conspicuously together, or by some unguarded remark. When one thinks of all that a man has to go through in the course of a love-affair—especially in a small society where every body knows every body—of all the chaffing and grinning, and significant interchange of glances when he picks up the daughter's fan, or hands the mother to her carriage, or laughs convulsively at the old jokes of the father, one is almost inclined to wonder how he ever gets married at all. The explanation probably is, that he falls in love before he exactly knows what he is about. Once in love is, of course, gloriously blind and deaf to all obstacles between him and the adored one. But to subject a man to this trying ordeal, as the too eager match-maker does, before he is sufficiently in love to be proof against it, is like sending him into a snow-storm without a great-coat. The romantic match-maker is, in her way, as mischievous as the coarse or the clumsy one. She is usually a good sort of woman, but with decidedly more heart than head. She gets her notions of political economy from Mr. Dickens's novels, and holds that, whenever two nice young people of opposite sexes like each other it is their business then and there to marry. If Providence can not always, like Mr. Dickens, provide a rich aunt or uncle, it at least never sends mouths without hands to feed them. Let every good citizen help the young people to marry as fast as they can, and let there be lots of chubby cheeks and lots of Sunday plum-pudding to fill them. There is no arguing with a woman of this kind, and she is perhaps the most dangerous of all match-makers, inasmuch as she is usually herself a warm-hearted, pleasant woman, and there is a courage and disinterestedness about her views very captivating to young heads. There is no safety but in flight. Even a bachelor of fair prudence and knowledge of the world is not safe in her hands. We mean on the assumption that he is not in a position to marry. If he is "an eligible," he can not, of course, be considered safe any where. But otherwise he knows that match-makers of the unromantic worldly type will be only too glad to leave him alone. And having perhaps been accustomed on this account to feel that he may flirt in moderation with impunity, as a man with whom marriage is altogether out of the question, he is quite unprepared for the new and startlingly unconventional view which the romantic match-maker takes of him. He is horrified to find that, ignoring the usual considerations as to the length of his purse, she has discovered that he and the pretty girl with whom he danced three consecutive dances last night must have been made expressly for each other, and that she has somehow contrived, by the exercise of that freemasonry in love-affairs which is peculiar to women, to put the same ridiculous notion into the young lady's head. In fact, he suddenly finds to his astonishment that he must either propose—which is out of the question—or be considered a cold-blooded trifler with female hearts. And so he has nothing to do but pack up his portmanteau and beat an ignominious retreat, with an uncomfortable consciousness that his amiable hostess and pretty partner have a very poor opinion of him.

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IN THESE STATEMENTS I AM SUSTAINED BY MY PREDECESSOR, MR. LEWIS, WHOSE EXPERIENCE EXTENDED OVER A SERIES OF YEARS.

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To give our readers an idea of the profits which have been made in the Tea trade, we will start with the American houses, leaving out of the account entirely the profits of the Chinese factors.

1st. The American House in China or Japan makes large profits on their sales or shipments—and some of the richest retired merchants in this country have made their immense fortunes through their houses in China.

2d. The Banker makes large profits upon the foreign exchange used in the purchase of Teas.

3d. The Importer makes a profit of 30 to 50 per cent. in many cases.

4th. On its arrival here it is sold by the cargo, and the Purchaser sells it to the Speculator in invoices of 1000 to 2000 packages, at an average profit of about 10 per cent.

5th. The Speculator sells it to the Wholesale Tea Dealer in lines at a profit of 10 to 15 per cent.

6th. The Wholesale Tea Dealer sells it to the Wholesale Grocer in lots to suit his trade, at a profit of about 10 per cent.

7th. The Wholesale Grocer sells it to the Retail Dealer at a profit of 15 to 25 per cent.

8th. The Retailer sells it to the Consumer for ALL THE PROFIT HE CAN GET.

When you have added to these *eight* profits as many brokerages, cartages, storages, cooperages, and waste, and add the original cost of the Tea, it will be perceived what the consumer has to pay. And now we propose to show why we can sell so very much lower than small dealers.

We propose to do away with all these various profits and brokerages, cartages, storages, cooperages, and waste, with the exception of a small commission paid for purchasing to our correspondents in China and Japan, one cartage, and a small profit to ourselves—which, on our large sales, will amply pay us.

Through our system of supplying Clubs throughout the country, consumers in all parts of the United States can receive their Teas at the same prices (with the small additional expense of transportation) as though they bought them at our warehouses in this city.

Some parties inquire of us how they shall proceed to get up a club. The answer is simply this: Let each person wishing to join in a club say how much tea or coffee he wants, and select the kind and price from our Price List, as published in the paper or in our circulars. Write the names, kinds, and amounts plainly on a list, and when the club is complete send it to us by mail, and we will put each party's goods in separate packages, and mark the name upon them, with the cost, so that there need be no confusion in their distribution—each party getting exactly what he orders and no more. The cost of transportation the members of the club can divide equitably among themselves.

The funds to pay for the goods ordered can be sent by drafts on New York, by Post-Office Money Orders, or by express, as may suit the convenience of the club. Or, if the amount ordered exceeds thirty dollars, we will, if desired, send the goods by express, to "collect on delivery."

Hereafter we will send a complimentary package to the party getting up the club. Our profits are small, but we will be as liberal as we can afford. We send no complimentary package for Clubs of less than $30.

Parties getting their Teas from us may confidently rely upon getting them pure and fresh, as they come direct from the Custom-House stores to our warehouses.

The Company have selected the following kinds from their stock, which they recommend to meet the wants of Clubs. They are sold at Cargo Prices, the same as the Company sell them in New York, as the list of prices will show. All goods sold are warranted to give satisfaction.

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ENGLISH BREAKFAST (black), 80c., 90c., $1, $1 10, best $1 20 ℔ lb.
GUNPOWDER (green), $1 25, best $1 50 ℔ lb.

These Teas are chosen for their intrinsic worth, keeping in mind health, economy, and a high degree of pleasure in drinking them.

Our Black and Green Mixed Teas will give universal satisfaction and suit all tastes, being composed of the best Foo-Chow Blacks and Moyune Greens, English Breakfast is not recommended, excepting to those who have acquired a taste for that kind of Tea, although it is the finest imported.

Consumers can save from 50 cents to $1 00 per pound by purchasing their Teas of

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Our Coffee Department is very extensive—the largest perhaps in the country. We run three engines constantly, and sometimes four or five, in roasting and grinding our Coffee. Our Coffee buyers are experts, who examine most of the Coffees imported, and select the best and finest flavors for our trade. We employ the most experienced and skillful roasters, who exercise the greatest care that it shall be cooked in a perfect manner. It is always fresh, for our orders crowd our facilities to their utmost capacity.

A considerable portion of the Coffee put upon the market of late years is picked while the pods are green, and subjected to artificial heat to open the pods. This is not so good as that which ripens in the natural way upon the plant. Our Coffee buyer thoroughly understands this business, and can readily distinguish the naturally ripened from the artificially cured; and he only buys the Coffee which is naturally ripened. We examine the cargoes as they arrive, and our trade is so large that it takes all the best lots. This is what gives our Coffee a superior flavor to many others, and the same flavor it used to have in days long gone by. It is a common saying that most Coffee does not taste as well as it formerly did. The reason for it is that a considerable proportion of it is picked before it is fully ripe. We sell none but the fully ripe, rich-flavored Coffee.

Country Clubs, Hand and Wagon Peddlers, and small stores (of which class we are supplying many thousands, all of which are doing well), can have their orders promptly and faithfully filled; and in case of Clubs can have each party's name marked on their package and directed by sending their orders to Nos. 31 and 33 Vesey Street.

Parties sending Club or other orders for less than thirty dollars had better send Post-Office drafts, or money with their orders, to save the expense of collecting by express; but larger orders we will forward by express, to collect on delivery.

Club Letters.

NEW LONDON, *Nov.* 15, 1866.

GREAT AMERICAN TEA COMPANY: *Sirs*,—I herewith send you another club. We are well suited with that which we received before, and much obliged for the complimentary package. We find that it is 50 per cent. cheaper than we can get it here, and at least 50 per cent. better. Please send me two or three blanks for clubs, and circulars to go with them, as I know of some in adjoining town who would like to get up clubs.

Yours truly,
L. M. DAY.

ELK HORN, WISCONSIN, *Nov.* 10, 1866.

GREAT AMERICAN TEA COMPANY: My order for tea was filled, and the tea arrived safely, *promptly*—good *weight* and good *quality*. We are all well satisfied, and others wish they had joined us. I shall doubtless send another order before long, for we have paid *large* profits to *small* traders about long enough.

Respectfully yours, &c.,
O. HAND.

FRANCONIA, N. H., *Nov.* 10, 1866.

THE GREAT AMERICAN TEA COMPANY: *Gentlemen*,—My last order for tea of 50 pounds came to hand in due time all right, and has given entire satisfaction, and, if you continue to send us as good tea as you have sent, you are sure of a permanent trade in this place. The Imperial was the best of any thing we have had in this place. Several of the club have told me it was better than the tea they had paid $2 a pound for. I send you another order for $68 65. Please forward as before by express to Franconia, N. H., Grafton County. I thank you for the complimentary package. Address PRIEST YOUNG, Franconia, N. H.

WILLIAM PENN WORKS, NEAR SHENANDOAH CITY,
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Gents,—We received our orders of Tea and Coffee all right, and each package put up so nice as to give us but little trouble. They have given great satisfaction both as regards weight and quality; and so cheap that we have saved 56¼ cents per ℔., beside getting a better quality; and we are all satisfied that they are as good—both Tea and Coffee—as your advertisement represented them to be.

I remain yours,
THOMAS ROGERS.

N.B.—All villages and towns where a large number reside, by *clubbing* together, can reduce the cost of their Teas and Coffees about one-third by sending directly to the

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